



No. 149.—VOL. XII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER IN "THE SHOP GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKLE STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I have received a curious missive from the Argentine Republic. The writer, who has some reason of State, no doubt, for withholding his name, addresses me thus, "'Boccaccio filtered through a tract.' Don L. F. Austin, I thank thee!" I do not remember this profound remark about Boccaccio, nor the occasion that prompted it; but I am wondering whether *The Sketch*, in the course of its world-wide career, has become a Government journal in Argentina, and whether the document sent to me is a formal acknowledgment of services to the Republic, written by the august official whose portrait, on the postage-stamps, so liberally adorns the exterior. Has the filtered Boccaccio, by my humble means, become a text-book of the Argentine seats of learning? Has the phrase, for which my correspondent expresses his gratitude, been adopted as the national motto? Or is it used by the powers that be as a charm to suppress the unruly, and to warn the malevolent? These speculations provoke others which I have ventured to put into verse, in the modest hope that it may be enshrined, like the wise saying about Boccaccio, in the Argentine archives—

*When revolution's wild alarms
Call citizens to shock of arms,
When leaps the liberating sword
To slay a tyranny abhor'd,
When Liberty's young heroes burn
To play the tyrant in their turn,
This watchword nerves them to the act—
"Boccaccio filtered thro' a tract!"*

*When fierce Republics bite their thumbs,
And split the ear with rival drums,
When Argentina's scornful way
Excites the ire of Paraguay,
When flaming thirst for noise and gore
A furnace makes of Ecuador,
Then comes this fuel to the fact—
"Boccaccio filtered thro' a tract!"*

*When markets show the boding signs
Of wayward "slumps" in "Argentines,"
When through the barren stocks there winds
No genial stream of dividends,
And yet the prospect lacks no fare,
No provender for prowling "bear,"
'Tis thus he glorifies his tact—
"Boccaccio filtered thro' a tract!"*

I have been reading a little medical work called "A Plea for a Simpler Life," from which I learn that you may drink heavily, and yet live to a green old age, if you limit your diet to innocent things like oatmeal and milk; but if you are a great eater of beef, and also consume much strong liquor, your chances of longevity will be proportionately lessened. England, in the opinion of many patriots, has been made by plentiful beef and beer. When the early Britons adorned themselves with woad, and kept *ennui* at bay by tippling mead, they dined copiously off roast ox, and certainly they were vigorous enough to give Julius Cæsar a good deal of trouble. Boadicea, I imagine, was not a dainty feeder. I can see her, in the intervals of fighting, grilling a round of beef on a spear-head for her own private meal, while a gallon or two of the native brew await her royal pleasure. The Saxon, too, was a doughty trencherman, for remember how Friar Tuck, after pretending to mortify the flesh with dried peas, when the disguised King Richard was his guest, made tremendous play with the venison pasty. This is how our ancestors built up bone and fibre, paying small heed to longevity, which, to be sure, is not the most desirable of mortal consummations. But my medical authority says that a liberal diet is our worst distemper. Drink he does not ban, but food he would reduce to a mere shadow of the plainest menu. He seems to be a farinaceous philosopher, and almost persuades me to lead a life of semolina pudding; but just as I am beginning to regard the carving-knife as the instrument of mediæval brutality, and the spoon as the emblem of the higher civilisation, comes Mr. Sala with his "Thorough Good Cook," to snatch me back to the flesh-pots.

Yet for years and years I have read Mr. Sala on cookery with a purely æsthetic enjoyment. Like him, I have "a very small appetite," which leaves the artistic mind free to consider the pearls of culinary wisdom without any inopportune promptings of mere animal greed. When you are cast in the ethereal mould, you are often like Clive, in the treasure-house of the Indian Prince, astonished at your own moderation. I have only one passion of the table; with true Celtic fidelity, I cling to the boiled potato. Ah! but where, in this benighted island, is that glory of vegetables to be found in its pristine excellence? On this theme Mr. Sala delivers himself with Sibylline ambiguity. "The boiled potato, the appearance of which dates from about a hundred and thirty years ago, has been the bane of English cookery; but let that pass." I shall not let it pass. Does Mr. Sala mean that the boiled potato is itself a bane, or that English cookery is the bane of the boiled potato? The distinction is not trivial; the field of honour has been strewn with

corpses for much less. If Mr. Sala's remark is an imputation against the vegetable, and not the cookery, then I say the blood in every Irishman's veins will be hot enough to boil all the potatoes in the kingdom! Heaven forbid that I should stimulate racial enmities; but even an Orangeman who surveys the potatoes served up in a London club must sometimes meditate the repeal of the Union. Certainly, he would be justified in "backing his bill" to this effect: "It is suggested that the boiled potatoes of this club be sent to the War Office as a patriotic contribution to the reserve of small-arms ammunition."

It is refreshing to a patriot, however, to be assured by Mr. Sala that we have "a national English school of cookery," in which the rose, thistle, and shamrock of this realm are represented by boiled leg of mutton, Scotch collops, and Irish stew. Mr. Sala mentions tripe and onions as a national dish, but declares that toad-in-the-hole has been "banished from refined English society" to France, where it figures as *côtelette à la Nelson*. Cookery ought to be part of the comity of nations; but it would seem that, in embracing our exile, the French *cuisine* has given us a backhander for Trafalgar. To dignify toad-in-the-hole with the name of Nelson is to heap frying-pans on our heads. But if this dish be not fit for refined English society, how come tripe and onions into that galley? I have always been taught to regard this delicacy as unspeakably plebeian, the associate of draught porter, and of the fried fish that lingers on the evening air in unfashionable quarters of London. I used to snatch a fearful joy when a lamented relative would fry tripe and season it with mustard sauce; but of this dainty I find no mention in Mr. Sala. He boils and roasts his tripe; and when he roasts it, he ties it up tightly with packthread, as if it were going by Parcel Post. That same lamented relative was simply great with potato-cakes and with treacle-tart—dishes, I admit, to be eaten furtively in the basement, with the shutters up, and when the tramp of the watchful policeman is not too near. To be caught with a treacle-tart might mean social ruin; though, if you consider it philosophically, what can be more degrading than chicken-and-ham pie, which flaunts its greasy charms on every sideboard?

But I feel it is my duty to reconcile the Simpler Life with Mr. Sala's teachings, and happily one of his maxims offers a golden opportunity. To the brewing of "fundamental beef broth," says he, "the osmazome, which is the most savoury part of the meat, gently adds its unction." It is an *elixir vita*, like the fluid distilled in the plant organisms which, as the scientific primers tell us, began the evolution of our species. And to that "gentle unction" do we not owe fealty and a poetical tribute?

*Tho' foreign dishes tempt the soul,
And fickle palates wander far,
Tho' toothsome salads haunt the bowl,
And potted ecstasies the jar,
What is their varied grace to me,
Tho' vaunted in a learned tome?
And what the subtlest recipe
Compared with thee, my Osmazome?*

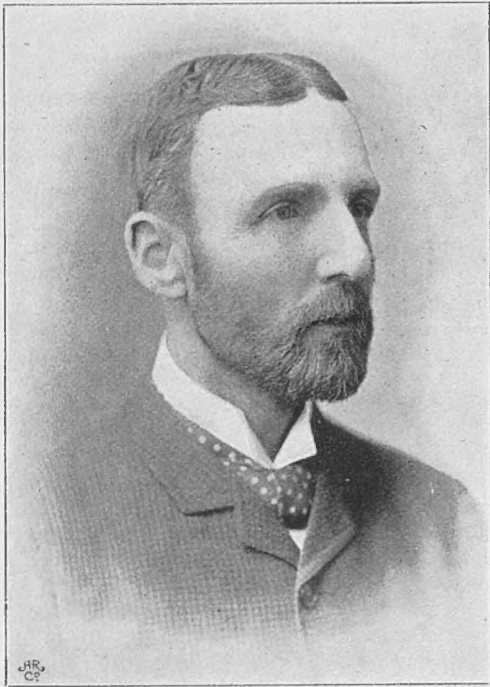
*Some seek the savours of Japan,
And some the curries of Ceylon,
Full erring is the heart of man
When in the quest of sauces gone.
Yet stay I where my plighted troth
Forbids the faithful mind to roam,
Devoted to thy virgin broth,
My fundamental Osmazome!*

*Ah! chefs may boil, and chefs may moil,
And all their artful mixtures make,
But never can their boastful toil
The highest minstrelsy awake!
The simple taste forsakes the throng
Of epicures who fret and foam,
And wings its one triumphant song
To thee, my own, my Osmazome!*

If we are to define the Simpler Life in one sentence, I should say it is not to put cream into your soup. This fascinating practice in epicurean circles has quite lately corrupted my moral sense, and I have been compelled to resort to a drastic remedy. To correct the decadent humours of the table, you should bid farewell to the tranquil mind by eating Welsh rarebit at one in the morning. After troubled slumbers, you awake with a conviction that cream in soup is a mockery and a snare. I don't think Mr. Sala fully realises that certain dishes are safeguards of morality, on the principle that chastisement is the fitting sequel of excess. With grief and amazement I read that he undertakes to make plum-pudding digestible—to rob it of alluring vice by destroying the grossness of a second helping. If this be done, what will become of outraged virtue, which avenges itself on the offender, notably on the morning of Dec. 26? Were there a Censor of Morals in this land, Mr. Sala's recipe for plum-pudding would be suppressed by peremptory order; for, if the community, especially small boys, are not to suffer from plum-pudding, what, pray, is the reward of discretion? We shall next be told there is no more harm in mince-pies, and then gluttony will stalk unchecked through this ascetic island!

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S STEAMERS.

It was a densely foggy night as I stood on the breakwater at Holyhead watching for the Dublin steamer. "Can she ever make the harbour in this fog?" I thought. One heard the report of a gun, and again that of a rocket, with frequent ringing of a bell; and then there came an answering sound from out the dense mist, and lo! lights appear, and the huge fabric of the steamer is seen silently rounding the pier-head, and deftly running alongside her station in the harbour, pulling up and



CAPTAIN BINNEY.

Photo by Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.

making fast in a manner to be envied by your penny Thames steamer. She was but a quarter of an hour late, notwithstanding the fog. My companion was Captain Binney, who some two years ago succeeded Admiral Dent as Marine Superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and I turned to him and sought some information about the company's service.

"Your post must be a somewhat onerous one, Captain Binney. What is the extent of the fleet under your command?"

"We have, in all," he replied, "sixteen vessels in active service; we run four boats daily to Dublin and back, and this is independent of the mail-boats run by the City of Dublin

Steam-packet Company. The trade, as you will readily understand, is a very important and, I am glad to tell you, an expanding one. The company, in fact, has, with great prevision and forethought, spent considerable sums on the harbour and its approaches, and has placed itself in a position to deal with the ever-increasing traffic. Indeed, it contemplates, at no distant date, doubling sections of the line between Holyhead and Chester, the existing line being hardly equal to the traffic, especially during the summer months, when the increasingly popular North Wales excursions are running. Altogether, the London and North-Western Railway Company has expended something like a million and a half on the harbour, and Holyhead is rapidly becoming a port of considerable importance. Already proposals have been set on foot for running a line of steamers from here to America, and I shouldn't be surprised if in the not very distant future either a new line or one of the existing Liverpool companies makes this its sailing point. The present annual tonnage entering the port amounts to over three millions. Besides the Dublin steamers, we have a very important daily service to Greenore, and it is for this service that we have lately put on the new steamer *Rosstrevor*. This line, in connection with the Great Northern Company of Ireland, serves Dundalk, Belfast, and the North of Ireland generally, and, owing to its shorter distance as compared with Liverpool, is becoming a very popular one. It is to enhance its popularity that we have put on this fine new steamer, which, by the way, lies over yonder now. She is, as you will observe, built to withstand the rough seas of the Irish Channel, and to go through them like her sisters of the Dublin service. She was built by Messrs. Denny and Brothers, of Dumbarton, specially for this service, and it may be interesting to give you some particulars. Her length is 272 feet, breadth 35 feet, and depth (to main deck) 15 feet, being specially designed to suit the limited depth of water in the harbour of Greenore. Her machinery consists of two sets of triple-expansion engines, driving twin screws, steam being supplied from two double-ended boilers of large capacity, worked under forced draught, on the closed-stokehole principle. She is built of Siemens-Martin steel, and has all the requisite fittings, boats, life-saving apparatus, &c., required by the Board of Trade in a passenger-steamer of this class.

She carries over six hundred passengers, the first-class accommodation being amidships, and the third-class aft. Her gross tonnage is 1094, her cargo-carrying capacity 500 tons, while her engines indicate at high-pressure 3700 horse-power, enabling her to attain a speed of seventeen and a-half knots an hour; indeed, on the trial trip her speed exceeded eighteen knots. She has most comfortable accommodation for all classes of passengers, her first-class saloon being beautifully upholstered in velvet, while she is lighted throughout with the electric light. She has a handsome ladies' cabin, panelled in oak and sycamore, with sofas upholstered in damask, and silk tapestry curtains; excellent lavatory accommodation, bar, pantry, &c.; in fact, all the appurtenances of a modern first-class passenger-steamer, such an important point as ventilation receiving special attention, while her handsome promenade-deck helps to make the passage an enjoyable one."

"How long is the passage?" I asked.

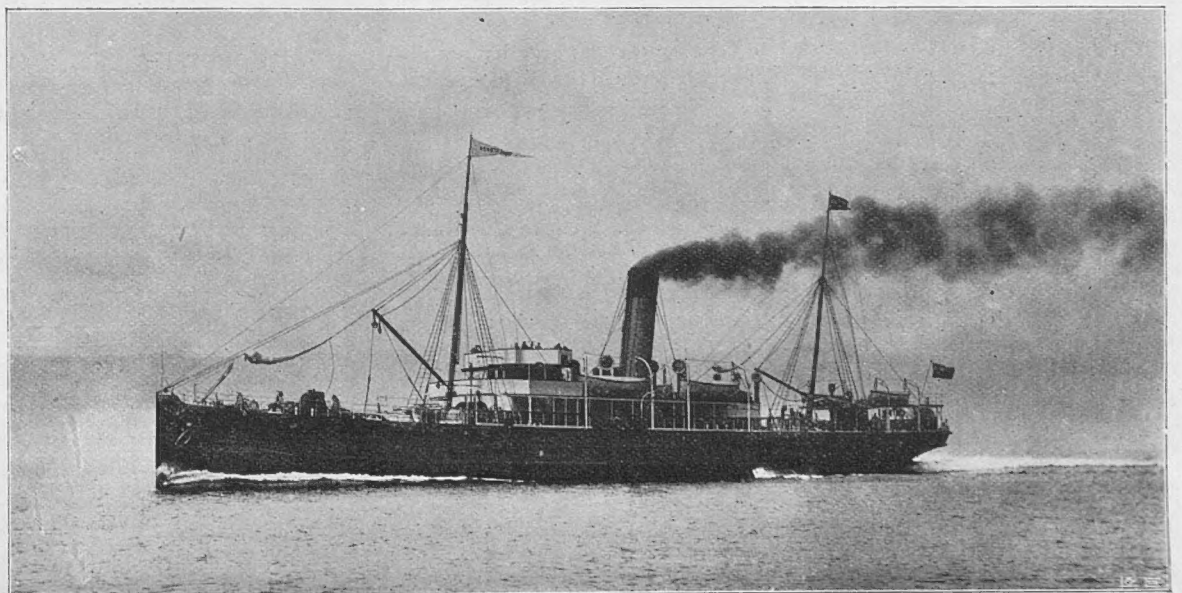
"Well, ordinarily, it takes five hours and a half, but the *Rosstrevor* accomplishes the journey in four hours twenty-five minutes, quay to quay."

"And do you expect her to attract large numbers of passengers in the summer?"

"Certainly; the number of English visitors to Ireland is increasing every year. This year the increase was greater than usual, thanks very largely to the kindly interest of your own and other journals, which have published views of the beautiful Irish scenery. Nothing attracts visitors more than this; and do you know that within a few miles of Greenore we have a most beautiful district, that of the Mourne Mountains, almost unknown in England? These mountains, which are easily climbed, are, at the highest point, about three thousand feet above sea-level, and on a clear day you can see across the Channel, and distinguish the Isle of Man quite plainly. It is a most picturesque and beautiful district, and I hope that our new and comfortable steamer, the *Rosstrevor*, will enable many English visitors to make its acquaintance."

The popular study of anatomy is evidently on the increase, and for anyone who wishes to come quickly at a general idea of how the human head, face, and neck are built up we can heartily recommend Dr. Schmidt's "Anatomy of the Human Head and Neck," which forms the second number of "Philip's Series of Popular Anatomical Models." Instead of the toilsome process through which a medical student must go before he uncovers the various muscles, arteries, nerves, and brain-convolutions of the head, the reader may run over the anatomy of these parts by merely turning over the superimposed layers of the model. "The Ox: its External and Internal Structures," illustrations by A. Seyffert, revised and edited by Professor G. T. Brown, is another of Messrs. Philip's books. It is a curious fact that owners and breeders of stock are, almost without exception, entirely ignorant of the anatomy of the animals with which they deal. Though the finest cattle reared have been bred by men who did not know one bone from another, yet it is not unlikely that a knowledge of anatomy might have assisted them. This little atlas will come as a boon to such as wish to obtain an intelligent idea of the anatomy of the ox. Professor Brown's name guarantees it.

Two of the sons of Mr. William Winter, the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, are connected with the theatrical profession. Percy Winter, an ex-actor, is conducting a dramatic school in Washington, and a younger brother is a member of Augustin Daly's company, showing, it is said, decided gifts as a light comedian. These things being so, it is surprising to hear that their brilliant father has a real dislike for the stage, and would never go to a theatre unless it were a matter of business. No one would guess that this was the case from reading Mr. Winter's criticisms and published essays on theatrical subjects; but certain of his English *confrères* take no such pains to conceal their dislike for what, after all, brings them their bread-and-butter.



STEAMSHIP "ROSSTREVOR," ON THE HOLYHEAD AND GREENORE SERVICE.

Photo by Adamson, Rothsay.

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Written by IRENE OSGOOD.

Illustrated by REGINALD MACHELL, R.B.A.

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simplicity and restraint, she has admirably conveyed the strength of the passion awakened
in the idol by the beautiful woman who seeks in the twilight of his shrine seclusion from
the pettiness of harem life. It is a tale that few could have told without spoiling it. . . .
The subject is an ambitious one, and called for literary judgment and skill, which qualities
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AN IDOL'S PASSION. By IRENE OSGOOD.

26, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

THE TRANSATLANTIC PUBLISHING CO., New York.

FOR ELOCUTIONISTS.

Miss M. Betham Edwards, who from her girlhood upwards has
written poetry as a relief to the strain imposed by her other literary
labours, has just published, through Messrs. Dean and Son, a booklet* of
some interest. It contains fifteen poems, all of them suitable for
recitation, which will variously commend themselves to elocutionists.
He or she who loves tragedy will choose "From a Cholera-stricken
City"; the lover of the "minor chord" will find the "Letter to a
Critic" to his liking. Personally, the writer would recommend an
admirable poem, entitled "In a Shop-window," or, for children, "Don
José's mule, Jacintha." It is good for the busiest to unbend the bow
which life strings so tightly, and it is pleasant to meet Miss Betham
Edwards in the land of verse. So long ago as the days of *Household
Words* under Charles Dickens, we met with verse from her pen, and are
glad to see new evidences of her versatility.

PNEUMATIC ROAD-SKATES.

Is the bicycle doomed? Perish the thought! Yet a younger generation
of inventions in modes of progression is already knocking at the door.
Foremost among these is the pneumatic road-skate exhibited at the
Stanley Show. Skating, as our grandparents understood the term, has
always been one of the most popular forms of exercise and pastime in
this country whenever a hard winter has prevailed. Of late years we
have endeavoured to have its joys more constantly with us, either on
roller-skating rinks or on sheets of natural ice artificially produced.
Hitherto, however, our powers of invention have not kept pace with our
desires, and skating has remained a pastime rather than a serviceable
mode of locomotion. But the enormous vogue of the pneumatic wheel,
which has been chiefly responsible for the bicycling craze, has opened
up a new future for skating, as a method of ordinary travel. The
exhibits of the Pneumatic Road-Skate Company at the Stanley Show
offer, in place of the old-fashioned roller, a neat, pneumatic-tyred wheel,
the whole skate being in appearance not unlike a miniature bicycle,
which fits to the foot of the wearer after the fashion of the ordinary
roller or ice-skate. This new skate can be used over any roadway or
surface over which a bicycle can be ridden, up-hill or down, at an average
speed, on good roads, of ten or twelve miles an hour. In future, the
skater may travel nimbly wherever business or desire shall call him. For
the many whose professions entail the daily traversing of much distance,
no greater boon than the pneumatic road-skate can well be conceived.
Moreover, its modest cost will place it within the reach of a hard-working
class that cannot aspire to the cheapest of cycles. The pneumatic skates
have been tested before competent judges, among them several eminent
authorities on army matters, who seem to think there is a future for the
new patent in military service. Certainly, the new road-skates seem to
have come to stay.

* "The Golden Bee, and Other Recitations." By M. Betham Edwards. London: Dean and Son.

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A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can
recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Dec. 4, 1895.

Signature.....

FIRE AT UNWIN'S COUNTRY PRINTING WORKS.

Within three miles of Guildford, the brisk capital of Surrey, there was till Sunday morning, Nov. 24, a large printing establishment standing in the village of Chilworth, which gave employment to nearly one hundred and fifty people. It was established about twenty years ago by Messrs. Unwin Brothers, of the Gresham Press, and had grown to be an important and useful adjunct to their works in London. Most picturesquely situated under the shadow of beautiful St. Martha's Hill, and near to the hamlet of Tangle, linked with the memory of Stephen Langton, the printery stood hard by Chilworth Station. But late on the night of Nov. 23, one of the servants of Mr. George Unwin, who lives on the other side of a narrow stream dividing his garden from the works, startled the household with the news that fire was flaming from the roof of the establishment. Speedily the alarm was raised, but, though fire-brigades came quickly from the district around and workers were abundant, the place was soon demolished. Fortunately no injuries to life and limb had to be recorded, but the loss of manuscripts and printed sheets was enormous. A fire-proof room was saved intact, with much valuable matter, but the sheets of the *Minster* just ready for issue, Mr. Clifford Harrison's new book of poems, Dr. Aubrey's third volume of his admirable "History," and other works in process of printing were destroyed. All Sunday there were hundreds of visitors to the black, smouldering ruins, where scorched paper and clotted type mingled with charred wood. With praiseworthy promptitude, Mr. Unwin, assisted by his energetic family and staff, corresponded by letter and telegraph with the firm's clients during the day, and the damage, in so far as it can be, will be replaced. The firm at once came to the generous decision to pay their work-people, thus thrown out of employment, a fortnight's wages, and meanwhile they are considering the question of rebuilding. Up to the present, the cause of the fire has not been ascertained.



THE FIRE AT MESSRS. UNWIN'S WORKS.

Photo by W. Shawcross, Guildford.

in her programme the promise which she has made. Her entertainment, made up of music, song, and dance, presenting in picturesque fashion a series of living pictures of Bedouin life in the desert, is, above all things, novel. In the two hours occupied by her entertainment, she succeeds in giving, by the aid of narrative, recitation, song, and dance, a curiously interesting picture of the life in the land of Moab, east of the Jordan, as she herself knew it during more than one protracted

visit, and this is equivalent, in that slowly moving land, to saying that it is a picture of life as it was centuries before Christianity changed the face of the world. Madame Corrinne is gifted with a fine contralto voice—which, by the way, she will do well to husband, as on Tuesday it was apparent that her long descriptive effort had put upon it too severe a strain—and, as Jephthah's wife, she sings Handel's beautiful music with refinement and dramatic force.

A picturesquely garbed company, including some people of colour, and notably a delightfully zealous and devoted negro, add largely to the effect, and a Moabitish dance, weirdly fascinating, accompanied by a thrilling cry of joy, lends to the whole that note of Oriental strangeness which never fails of its effect. Madame Corrinne herself, in the rich and *bizarre* dress of a Bedouin Princess, is from first to last a dignified, imposing, and picturesque personality. Her varied talent, her unique collection of Bedouin costumes, jewels, and other properties, entitle her to claim that she has given to London that novelty for which it has an appetite that is insatiable. If her entertainment were made a little less Exeter-Hallish, it might be an advantage, so far as its attraction is concerned; but, even as it is, no one can deny its originality, and originality, after all, is the one thing needful in the eyes of the public of to-day.



BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The death, at the age of seventy-one years and a-half, of Alexandre Dumas fils in some respects is not a very great loss to the French stage, for he had spent so long a time upon the still unfinished "Route de Thèbes" that it is doubtful whether any further work could have been expected from him. Yet France has sustained in him the loss of one of her two greatest dramatists of this half of the century; for Émile Augier and the younger Dumas were head and shoulders above their contemporaries, and, indeed, may be said to have founded modern comedy. Possibly the credit is due to Augier of having, in "Gabrielle," struck the first blow; and we have the words of his generous rival, whose death we now deplore, that "Gabrielle," with its simple and touching story, with its fine and noble language, was the first revolt against the conventional comedy.



M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A heavier blow, however, was struck by the son of "Alexandre the Great" in "La Dame aux Camélias," written almost immediately after "Gabrielle," and produced three years later. Nowadays, perhaps, neither the novel nor the play seems very startling, yet they justly deserve the much-abused term "epoch-making." In these few words, which cannot appear till a week after his death, which took place last Wednesday evening at a quarter to seven, it seems unwise to give the biographical details that have already appeared elsewhere, and indeed, as often is the case of writers, it is only by examining nicely, and at great length, that one can find biographical matter of interest, save as of record.

It is difficult to express, even to form any clear opinion, of the quality of the plays, novels, and pamphlets by the somewhat unprolific son of one of the most prolific of writers. That he had genius must be admitted, even by those who charge with immorality one of the most earnest, if somewhat eccentric, of moralists. Yet it is very hard to say where the genius lay. The most notable quality in him, perhaps, was the wit of which he was lavish—a wit somewhat cruel, and often used without discretion, for he was apt to allow stupid characters to utter absolutely brilliant things. Nevertheless, his gift for setting characters on their feet—particularly comic characters, such as his Père Prodigue, or Aristide, or Madame Guichard—is remarkable, and in almost all his works is shown a splendid stage-power. It may be that, at times, his instinct for scenic effect caused him to become merely theatrical—as, for instance, in "The Squire of Dames," in the second act, where De Ryons saves Jane from an indiscretion—yet one might name many instances of a strong, striking, honest *coup de théâtre*.

As a moralist and philosopher he will be much discussed, on account of the extraordinary force with which he expressed unpopular views—it is a curious turn of fate that has caused him to be considered by many as an immoral writer. Such a play as "Francillon," his latest, was, by most of the London Press, treated as suggesting that a husband's infidelity justified the wife's, when it really teaches that the married man has no better right to sin than the woman, and that his sin may logically lead to hers. No doubt "La Dame aux Camélias," his youthful work, preaches no lesson, and seems, indeed, to glorify the courtesan; but those who think of Iza in "L'Affaire Clémenceau," of "Césarine," of the Comtesse de Terremonde, and of the famous "Tue-la" in "L'Homme-Femme" pamphlet, can hardly call him the prophet of the *hetaïra*.

Personally, when I think of the splendid plays that I have seen, such as "Le Demi-Monde," "Un Père Prodigue," and "Francillon," and the brilliant works, such as "L'Ami des Femmes," "L'Étrangère," "La Femme de Claude," and "La Princesse de Bagdad," to say nothing of the dramas that I have but read, I feel that, in the man who has died, respected and admired by all, after a life which, save in its spring madness, has been upright and honourable, there was one of the great men of the earth. In some respects he lived too soon, for pioneer work is never absolutely the best that a man has in him, and opposition in his case led to something like "crankiness"; nevertheless, the fifteen plays that he wrote unaided, and the novels and pamphlets that came from his pen, form a superb contribution to the literature of this fiercely active century, and will never become old-fashioned curiosities. As long as the problem-play lives, so long will Dumas fils, true founder, remain a great name in drama.



M. DUMAS.

Photo by Benque, Paris.

It was prophesied on the first night that "The Bric-à-Brac Will" would die very young, yet so hard and well has the management fought against a dull book, and music which, though pretty, is decidedly thin, that, now Miss Florence St. John has joined the company, the comic opera is received with much favour. It is difficult to think what would have been the history of light musico-dramatic works in London but for this pretty woman, who sings delightfully and acts cleverly, and seems to defy the efforts of time. In the case of "The Bric-à-Brac Will," she is of incalculable value, and it is now possible to believe that, with her help, the work may prove successful.

On the birthday of "The Shop Girl," it was somewhat curious to notice that the handsome set of photographs in the pretty souvenir seemed irrelevant, for they were pictures of the original company, but few of which remain. It cannot be said that the present cast is as good as the first; yet, by reason of its brightness, the piece goes as well as ever, chiefly, I think, on account of the music, which, on the whole, is, perhaps, the best that has been written for the modern musical farce; it is hard, indeed, to say whether Mr. Caryll's work in this is cleverer than that of Mr. Jones in "A Gaiety Girl," but it is better than what one finds in "An Artist's Model." Yet in "Joan of Arc" there were several numbers of remarkable merit. However, "Joan of Arc"



FRONTISPIECE OF "THE SHOP GIRL" BALL PROGRAMME.

possibly was rather burlesque than musical farce. I do not by any means wish to disparage the book, which certainly is very good of its kind, though some of the Malapropisms of Miss Ada Smith are trying. The hit of the evening was in the lines referring to the Barnato Bank, which immensely delighted a house that reeked of the Stock Exchange. Among the new-comers who are successful, the chief seems to be Mr. Mackinder; in the part taken by Mr. Seymour Hicks, he proves himself even more deft as dancer than his predecessor, and acts and sings cleverly, though with a touch of exaggeration. He is, I should say, more essentially a burlesque actor than Mr. Hicks, but has not the same boyish charm of manner and personality. The treat of the evening still is the dancing of Miss Katie Seymour—it seems impossible to find anything more charming in its way than the Japanese dance. Among the cleverest matters is the work of Miss Lillie Belmore, one of our few low-comedians of the emerging sex: her singing is as good as her acting. It is a pity that pretty Miss Ethel Haydon, who sings charmingly, has not greater skill in taking advantage of her beauty. Mr. Robert Nainby, one of the most comic of the originals, has taken to abusing a trick of working his coat-tails. The ball which was held afterwards in the Whitehall Rooms to celebrate the event was a great success.

"The Shop Girl" is not popular only at headquarters. The other evening I made my way down to Camberwell, and there found the Métropole packed from floor to ceiling with an enthusiastic audience, who encored songs and dances in a manner very encouraging if somewhat exhausting to the artists. The principal favourites in the really charming little theatre were (and, I think, deservedly) Miss Topsy Sinden as Maud Plantagenet, and Mr. Edward Lauri as Miggles. So overflowing have been the houses during "The Shop Girl's" visit to Camberwell that Mr. Mulholland has arranged for her return to his theatre during the present week. By the way, Mr. Mulholland has amply proved his point that a suburban theatre in a crowded neighbourhood will draw, if only really good entertainment is provided. It is odd that some capitalist or syndicate does not now take the forlorn Brixton Theatre in hand, and finish what, from the outside, at any rate, seems well on the road to completion. The venture should, one would suppose, considering the position of the house, pay as well as that of the Camberwell manager.

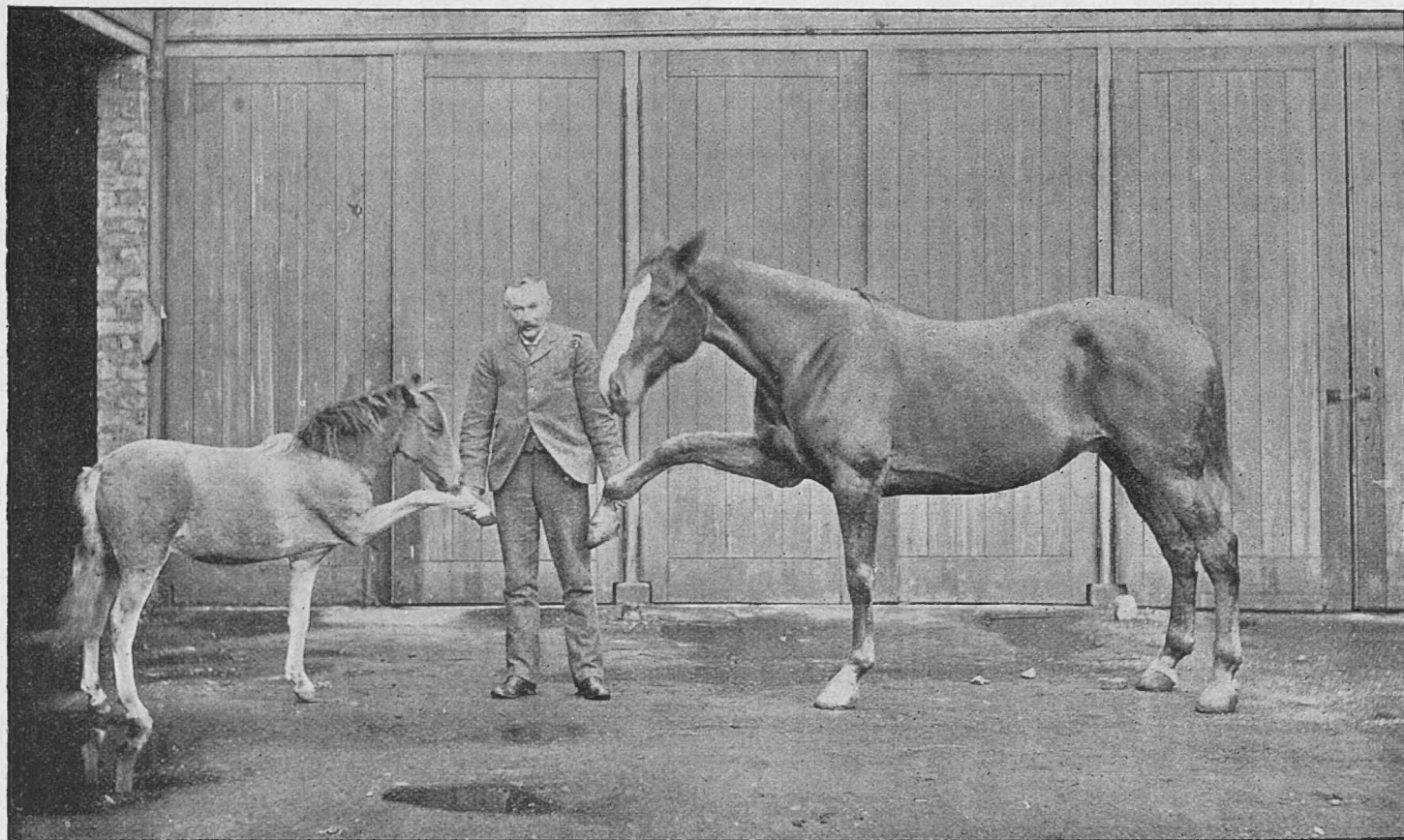
THE LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER AND THE "HUMAN HORSE."

To all entertainments whereat exhibition of great intelligence on the part of the lower creation is given, it is as well to bring with you a perfectly "open mind," and also that species of charity which "believeth all

leading one to fairly argue that the minds of man and brute act and react reciprocally more often than might be imagined.

I called on the "Lincolnshire farmer" (writes a *Sketch* representative) the other day, when he gave me an especial view of his horse and an interview as to its performances.

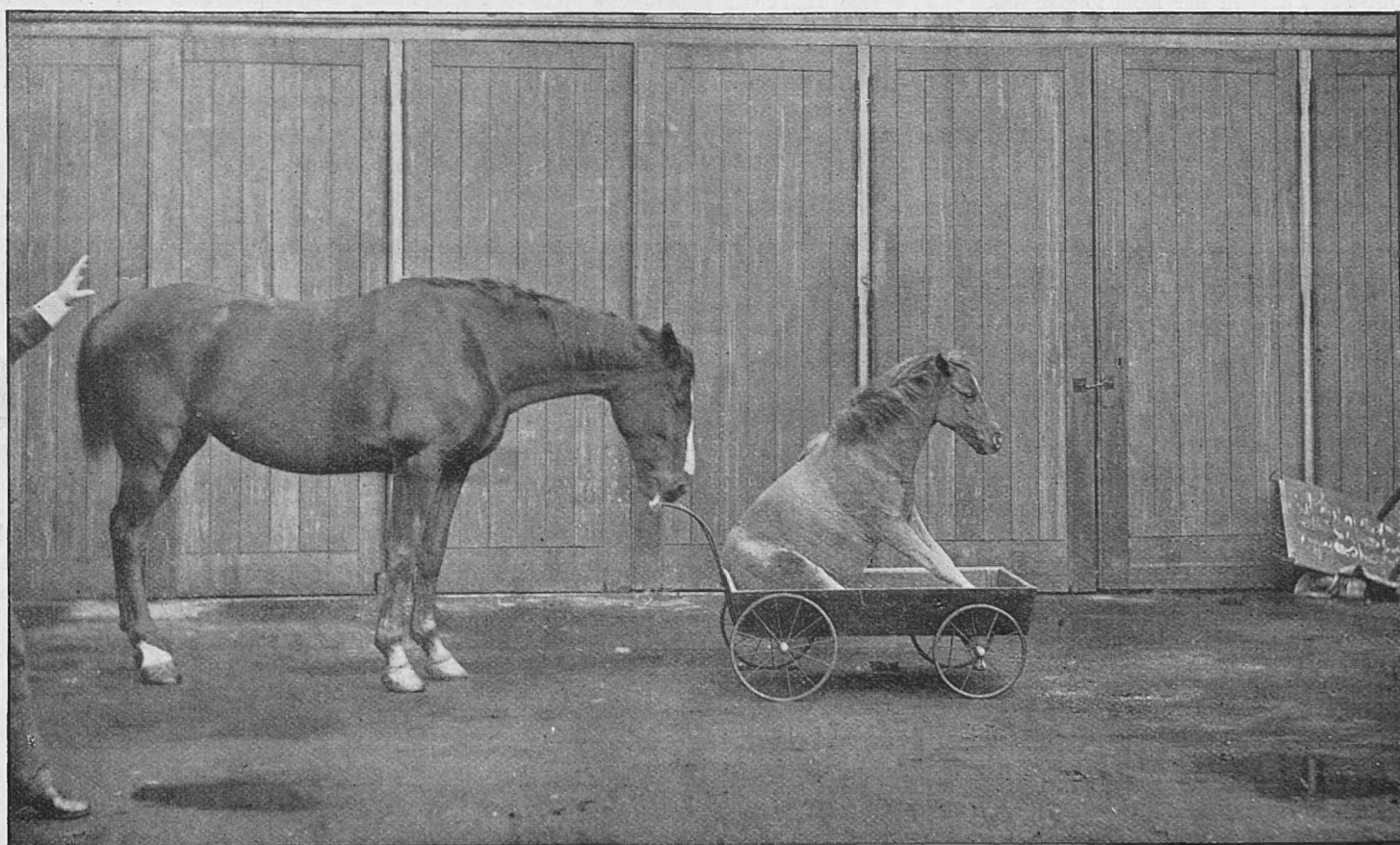
Alpha is a chestnut gelding, with a white blaze down his face, and a narrow frill of white on the near hind-leg above the hoof. He stands



things." You will not enjoy yourself if you are in a captious and critical humour. Dine "wisely and well," and then hie you to the Royal Aquarium, where, among the turns which go on uninterruptedly for twelve hours, you will find especial interest in the marvellous performance of the wonderful horse Alpha, the human sagacity of which animal has been produced by the humane treatment of its owner, his untiring patience, and his almost magnetic influence—an influence

about fifteen hands three inches, and is coming seven years. He is as docile as a lamb, and his entire absence of nervousness is a perfect guarantee that his training has been effected by kindness alone.

As Mr. Shaw remarked—I assume, in reference to the recent *cause célèbre* at Bourges—"If my training of Alpha serves no other end, it will tend to demonstrate that, if such an amount of intelligence can be cultivated in a horse by kindness, how much greater results will be



produced when the same treatment is applied to children. Of course, Alpha is quite an exceptional subject. I am not a trainer of exhibition animals, please bear that in mind; indeed, I should not be here at this moment but for the phenomenal intelligence which I early perceived in the horse, and which encouraged me to see how far I could extend it, and I have not finished yet."

The first feat Alpha performed was the selection from a bureau which had the letters of the alphabet on pieces of card, arranged so that with his teeth he could draw out any one of these asked for. I requested the letters C, Y, W. He brought these to his master, only making a slight hesitation in finding the last.

"We have to be very careful over the cards," remarked Mr. Shaw; "Alpha won't touch them if they have been fingered by a strange hand, and once, I remember, I handled them while wearing a new pair of gloves, and the horse refused to touch them."

His next performance was denoting the hour and the minutes as shown on a china-faced watch—his trainer was insistent on this particular—presented to his soft, luminous eyes. He did this by scraping the stage with his off fore-leg a certain number of times, and did so quite correctly. He was also Cocker-correct in adding the figures 234, 306, 507; and a very singular fact is that, when the addition or subtraction of an arithmetical sum results in a naught, Alpha invariably shakes his head. He next proceeded to indicate by pawing the stage any figure on the board which his trainer had crossed out. He also did a multiplication sum.

"You shall next hear Alpha play the harmonium. You will notice there is no trickery about the instrument," said Mr. Shaw, as he opened the front board and showed that the valves of the pipes were connected quite simply by some lever-joints to a large keyboard at the side. Then Alpha proceeded to play "God save the Queen" with his left fore-leg, which was encased in a leather-and-indiarubber boot to prevent undue noise."

"Now he shall give you his autograph." With a piece of chalk held in his mouth the horse appeared to write his name quite legibly on a slate, Mr. Shaw assuring me that "I only hold his nose-band to steady him."

"I would now show his wonderful feat as a rocking-horse on this rocker; but he has injured his back in the stable, and the veterinary surgeon forbids me to put the horse to this exercise at present, as it involves much strain on the muscles. At any rate, he shall play with you a game of 'Nap.'"

This was not done so very satisfactorily. However, I understand he can take a hoof at loo, but eschews whist.

Mr. Shaw next dressed the horse up as a nurse, not like one of our charming hospital-sisters, but more like Mrs. Gamp. Then the baby, Beta, was introduced—one of the smallest ponies in the world, and barely two years old. It is so small that it stands easily under Alpha's belly, giving you, as Mr. Shaw remarked, "a contrast in size reminding you of Landseer's picture of 'Dignity and Impudence.'"

"I always invite people up on the stage after the performance, when many of the ladies make their relatives quite jealous with the kisses which they give Alpha and Beta, who receive them with the impassibility of philosophers. But I am firm on never allowing their mouths to be handled except by myself. I wouldn't take a thousand pounds for Alpha, so you may imagine I look sharply after his well-being. Sometimes I give a lady a few oats in her hand to give him. Yes, I ride Alpha out in the Park for exercise, but I have never ridden him to hounds. I could not afford the risk of accident."

Then Alpha pricked his ears and looked at me so pointedly that I expected him to say next moment, "Aren't you ever going?"

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The question whether critics of the drama should themselves be dramatists is still agitated in the Press; perhaps interest in the matter has been revived by the promotion of the "critic-dramatist" to the post once occupied in the dispensable catalogue of "The Mikado" by "that singular anomaly, the lady-novelist." And, indeed, the change of person designated as anomalous removes an obvious blemish in a delightful song. The lady-novelist is not an anomaly; the real anomaly is the woman who has not an innate and irrepressible gift for fiction, whether printed or merely spoken. Embroidery is emphatically the feminine art, whether exercised on fabrics or on facts. Whereas the critic-dramatist is a union of two anomalous functions: he is a judge-defendant, an umpire-batsman, a butler-guest.

But the actor-dramatist, the manager-dramatist, the actor-manager-dramatist, and other compound personages, are equally anomalous—that is, they combine functions which, though they must be associated in the production of any drama, nevertheless must clash to a certain extent. Each combination has its advantages and its dangers. The actor-dramatist will probably know how to make his points and manage his stage; but perhaps he will know little more, or will sacrifice the piece to one scene. The manager-dramatist will cut away the pillars of his piece, to let in more publicity. Of that triple Cerberus, the actor-manager-dramatist, let us not speak, nor of his triple mouthing.

The critic-dramatist obviously shares the advantages and dangers of other amphibious beings. His experience of authorship, no matter how unsuccessful, gives him an insight into the technical methods of stage-writing. His experience as a critic enables him to avoid the pitfalls into which the young, unwary dramatist most usually drops. But, on the other hand, his criticisms can hardly be kept free from the influence of the reception given to his dramas, and his dramas themselves will be treated by other critics in a less impartial manner than if he were not a friendly or opposed theorist. If I had to criticise the production of some manager who had scornfully rejected my piece, or the performance of some actor who had spoilt the best part in my play, my first natural human impulse would be to give him "what for," my second thought to lean in his favour as much as possible, so as to avoid suspicion—from myself or others—of being actuated by personal motives. How the struggle would end it is impossible to guess, but the result could hardly be a strictly fair criticism.

I do not think, however, that for a critic to be also a dramatist necessarily vitiates his criticism. It so happens that a dramatic critic who has been bitterly attacked in some quarters is also a dramatist; but the attacks on him have been made in consequence of his criticisms, and, moreover, in respect of those criticisms which could not have been affected by his dramatic ventures. If, for a brief and bitter moment, he might have been defined as "our *guyed* philosopher and friend," it was as a critic only; and the vague accusations of dishonesty bandied about were merely in respect of a hinted insincerity of criticism. The real objections to the existence of the critic-dramatist are of a different nature.

Firstly, if a man be at once critic and dramatist, it is the dramatist that suffers most from the union. The critic, unless he is a bad critic, knows too much of other pieces. His mind must be stocked with reminiscences of the drama of all countries, with theories of the proper construction of a play, with familiar situations and points. Ignorance is a great friend of originality: often the beginner will give freshness to the treatment of a familiar subject by sheer innocence of the fact that it has been worn almost threadbare already. Genius might be defined as the instinct of exception, the power of guessing when and where rules may, and, indeed, should be broken. But the critic cannot divest himself of his knowledge. He has to be always using his rules; how can he shut them up with Lope's "six keys" when he sits down to write his play?

From this circumstance it comes that the plays of critics, written while they are still critics, are for the most part inferior. The author does not put his whole self into his work. If he could, it would be his interest to give all his time to the drama, as far more lucrative than the profession of critic. Honest dramatic critics do not make fortunes; and even a venal critic, if such existed, would get ten or twenty pounds for puffing a piece that would bring its author a thousand. Hence it seems to follow that the critic-dramatist is necessarily an inferior dramatist; or else he would obviously drop the worse-paid function which hampers him in original work.

And the critic-dramatist has this further disadvantage, that his work rarely gets criticised with fairness, and he thus has no chance to learn better. We all commit in our own work the faults we can see in other productions. It is the duty of others to point out these faults. But the critic cannot bear to reprehend a brother of the craft, unless he belong to another school, when he may blame him overmuch. Thus the defects of a critic's piece are hidden under a flood of kindly but insincere flattery, and, when the piece fails from a pecuniary point of view, the author blames manager, actors, public, rather than himself.

It is the same, doubtless, with any popular author, manager, or actor: the vice of weakness takes the mask of friendship, and we hail as a success what we know to be a failure; but, at any rate, this is only personal feeling, and does not act so invariably as does professional brotherhood in the case of the critic-dramatist. Wherefore, I agree with the new Koko, that one half of him—the dramatic half generally—"never would be missed."

MARMITON.

AT THE PIANO.

A symphony in black and white,
The keyboard lies before her;
Of symphony nor melody
Is she a sweet outpourer.
The scriptural injunction she
Is earnestly pursuing—
She never lets her right hand know
What her left hand is doing.—*Judge.*

SMALL TALK.

The Court goes to Osborne the end of the week after next for a stay of nine weeks, after which her Majesty will return to Windsor Castle until the end of March, when she is going abroad. The Queen intends to pay two visits to Buckingham Palace in March, and on each occasion her Majesty will stop in town for two nights. When the Queen leaves Windsor for Osborne, she will start at ten o'clock, and travel by special train to Gosport, where she is to embark at the Clarence Yard on board the *Alberta*, which will proceed to Trinity Pier, East Cowes. The Queen always likes to arrive at Osborne in time for luncheon, so that a drive can be taken through the park in the afternoon.

There is no truth in the statements that the Queen has decided to visit Cimiez again next spring. Her Majesty's intention to visit the Riviera is now announced regularly every winter, but the story is purely imaginative, for, as a matter of fact, nothing whatever has yet been settled on the subject of the Queen's expedition to the Continent, except that it is decided that her Majesty will leave England the last week in March. The Queen is herself disposed to pay a visit to the Lower Riviera, and would like to find a suitable residence somewhere near Genoa. It has been thought that a stay at Aix-les-Bains would be beneficial to her Majesty, but she appears to have taken a dislike to that place; nor was the suggestion of a stay at Wiesbaden received with favour. Wherever the Queen may go at the end of March, it is quite settled that she is to return home through Germany, and her Majesty will then spend a week with the Empress Frederick at her château in the Taunus Hills, near Cronberg.

The late Sir Henry Ponsonby was a wonderfully industrious and conscientious worker. He never spared himself, and his punctilious courtesy led him to write letters in cases where most official big-wigs, and such important folks as actor-managers, artists, and authors, would only sign them. Not only did Sir Henry answer all sorts of inquiries from the public with his own hand, but he even wrote himself (so I am told by a member of a leading West-End firm) on all sorts of comparatively unimportant matters connected with her Majesty. I remember, a good many years ago, a venerable lady, the widow of an officer, had written some verses addressed to the Queen, and was anxious that her Majesty should receive them. Wishing to gratify her, I enclosed them, with a note of explanation, to Sir Henry Ponsonby, and that most courteous gentleman replied at once, returning the verses with regrets, and explaining, in the most kind and polite manner, that "it is a rule that her Majesty the Queen should never receive manuscript or occasional poetry"—a rule which was, I well remember, news to me at that time, and may be news now to many of my readers.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are this week entertaining a large number of guests at Sandringham. On Tuesday next the Prince and Princess are coming up to Marlborough House for a few days, after which they will return to Sandringham for the Christmas holidays, and, on Friday, Dec. 13, they are to dine and sleep at Windsor Castle as the guests of the Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York and the Princesses Victoria and Maud.

The Prince of Wales's racing yacht, the *Britannia*, is now laid up at Cowes, where she is being re-caulked and re-coppered. The *Britannia* is going to the Mediterranean towards the end of next month, and the Prince will race her at the various regattas on the Riviera, and intends also to cruise in her along the coast.

The Duke of Connaught will take a short leave of absence from his duties at Aldershot during the Christmas holidays, and he and the Duchess are to be the guests of the Queen at Osborne, and of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

Lady Colin Campbell is now in Paris, and is so far benefited by her "cure" at Aix-les-Bains that she is able to write letters with her old firmness of hand, and to take a walk every day in the Bois with the assistance of a couple of sticks.

The Duke of Norfolk, for the first time since his appointment to the Post Office, and Lord Russell, for the first time since his elevation to be Lord Chief Justice, will take part in a public meeting of Roman Catholics, and each is likely to have a particularly cordial reception. The occasion is a St. James's Hall meeting, called by Cardinal Vaughan, in support of the Catholic Social Union. Mr. Justin McCarthy is also to be there. Mr. Healy should certainly be invited to complete the happy family.

I have not seen prettier bridesmaids' frocks for many marriages than those worn by the elder girls forming Lady Lilian Denison's attendant train on Tuesday. Long Directoire coats of bright pink miroir velvet, with sable revers, were themselves delightfully rich picturesque garments, as befitted the season; while vest and petticoat of draped chiffon and lace gave a cloudy softness to these eminently becoming costumes. The presents, with which two rooms were lined at Grosvenor Square, came in for much admiration at the reception which followed, particularly two immense pear-shaped pearls set in a diamond pendant, which were among Mr. Ogle's gifts to his bride. Apethorpe, lent by Lord Westmorland for the honeymoon, is a beautiful old mansion in a good hunting country, though somewhat hilly for the bicycling pastime at which Lady Lilian is so proficient.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Kirwan with Count Lubinski-Bodenham was performed at the Oratory, Brompton, on Wednesday, in presence of a large circle of friends, among them being the Duke of Norfolk, at whose residence in St. James's Square the wedding-breakfast was subsequently held. Lord Loudoun gave the bride away. Sir Henry and Lady Bedingfeld, Lady Vavasour; Miss Beatrice Hasketh-Smith, looking very smart in blue velvet and sable; Mr. Randolph, Lady Preston, Lady Denbigh, and many others, were present. Miss Flora Kirwan and Miss Agnes Petre were two in the bevy of bridesmaids, whose dark-blue costumes made somewhat sombre contrast to the bride's white satin. Another smart Catholic wedding came off also at the Oratory on Saturday—that of the Hon. Richard Bellew of Bellewstown with Miss Herbert. Miss Bellingham of Castle Bellingham was one of the bridesmaids.

The engagement of Mr. Hugh Clifford and Miss Minna

A'Beckett unites the children of two men very well known, one as a soldier, the other as a journalist. Mr. Clifford is the eldest son of the late Major-General the Hon. Sir Henry Clifford; and the lady is the daughter of the late Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, the most delicate and suffering man who ever amused the public with puns in the pages of *Punch*, and himself the son of the author of "The Comic History of England." Mr. Clifford was an admirer of Miss A'Beckett even before he left England, some years ago, for Civil Service work in Malay; and, returning to England, he met her again at one of the November Tuesday-night receptions given by the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle in Hill Street, and a marriage, to the delight of friends on both sides, was immediately arranged.

Miss Frances Balfour is probably one of the youngest members of the theatrical profession. She made her first appearance on any stage in Mr. F. R. Benson's Shaksperian Company at Scarborough last August. Three weeks after, she made a decided hit by her amusingly original rendering of the part of Audrey in "As You Like It." She has acquitted herself admirably in all the parts for which she has been cast. If we are not mistaken, we shall before long hear more of this promising young actress.



MISS BALFOUR.
Photo by Yates, Sheffield.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has ceased to be content with writing about the romances of imaginary people; he wants a little romance of his own, and to-morrow, as you will see from the reduced reproduction of an invitation I have just received, he will lead to the altar Miss Amy Eliza Vantine, of New York. Mr. Parker has, I believe, given up his house at Harpenden, but I do not know whether this means his final abandonment of this country. Rumour has been busy mating another novelist with a popular actress; I have a suspicion of his name.

Rustem Pasha might be Italian by parentage, but in appearance, at any rate, he was the most Oriental of them all. His red fez, worn everywhere—at evening parties or at private views, when he walked and when he drove—added to the deception. Years spent in the East had browned his skin. His eighty years were discredited by his black locks, and you thought him a Turk of sixty, allowing for a certain effeteness in the race.

Nothing seemed to animate Rustem Pasha, except, perhaps, the society of women. He had his great admirations in London society. The companionship of children—he always seemed somewhat of a child himself, and I doubt if our Government will ever have the fortune to deal again with so guileless an Ambassador from the Porte—delighted him. Lord Rosebery's two girls were especial favourites with him, and he would wander up and down the Park with them by the hour when occasion permitted. The presence, at any time, of one lady famous for her beauty had special power to rouse him into interest in passing events, of which, otherwise, he seemed to be an observer in a trance. In that he resembled Lord Beaconsfield, who during the last few months of his life seemed almost moribund, but would flash into animation when Madame de Murrieta sat beside him or when he listened to the girlish prattle of the present Lady de Grey.

Rustem Pasha used to say that he was, in one sense, the most cosmopolitan man in London—being himself a Roman Catholic representing a Mahomedan Power at a Protestant Court. There is a point at which some men, called upon to be diplomatic about all things, cease to have strong personal preference for any one thing. And Rustem Pasha was within measurable distance of that indifferentism before he died.

Mr. Grey had been Rector of Houghton-le-Spring during a long succession of Bishops of Durham. Indeed, he and his predecessor had held the living for a century, so that the right of presentation had been exercised only once.

Professor S. C. Hill, brother of Mr. M. J. M. Hill, Professor of Mathematics at University College, is just returning to India, where he has spent the last fifteen years of his life as Professor of English Literature under the Bengal Education Department. During his recent stay in the Old Country Mr. Hill has been occupying part of his time in assisting another man in preparing a school edition of Charles Lamb for Macmillan's. For this he has been verifying all Lamb's quotations, and has found out many that were not noted in Ainger's edition. Mr. Hill has also been doing similar work in connection with Wordsworth.

Mr. Harry F. McClelland, who has written the book of "Whittington and his Cat," the forthcoming pantomime at the Pavilion Theatre, in which also he will play the Baron, is an actor of long and varied experience, being equally at home in the realm of King Pantomime and as "heavy man" in melodrama. In years past he has written many other pantomime-books for London and provincial theatres. Mr. McClelland, known to his intimates as "Mac," is a North of Ireland man, I think, and was once engaged in newspaper-work at Belfast.

From what I hear, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play need not be expected at the Lyceum much before the end of January. The cast will not be a long one. With regard to the revival of "Othello," I have been told two interesting names that may possibly be found in the bills against the characters of Iago and Desdemona, and neither of them belonging to a present member of Mr. Forbes Robertson's company. But these things are, as yet, very much in "the knees of the gods" stage.

Mr. W. H. Vernon is seen far too seldom nowadays upon the London stage, and I note with pleasure his appearance at the St. James's as General Humeden in "The Divided Way." He filled the same part on the production of Mr. H. V. Esmond's play at Manchester on Oct. 31. Mr. Vernon, it should be remembered, was seen in the leading rôle in "Mammon," Mr. Sydney Grundy's earlier version of "A Bunch of Violets." He went pretty well all round the world with Miss Geneviève Ward, he is proprietor of the Peterborough Theatre, and he is generally recognised as a sound and experienced actor.

It is stated that Sir Arthur Sullivan has chosen Lord Byron's tragedy of "Sardanapalus" for his first ballet. The choice seems an excellent one, were it not for the sustained note of sadness running through the play. For Sardanapalus there is no adequate feeling but compassion, while the noble figure of Salmesbury is painted in gloomy colours. Will all the weakness and treachery that go to make up the account of Diodorus Siculus, from whom Byron took the plot, lend itself to the inevitable happy ending of ballet? If, on the other hand, Sardanapalus is to triumph over Arbaces, it will be a very great departure from the plot. However, nobody is likely to care very much so that the music be delightful and the dresses gorgeous. Certainly the costumiers will have a rare chance, because the festive King of Nineveh and Assyria was devoted to the fair sex, and spared no expense in the matter of pretty dresses. Then, again, the Royal Palace of Nineveh, in which the plot is laid, with the banqueting-hall in the third act, should give the scene-painters an excellent opportunity of showing what they can do. It is essentially a production that will entail trouble and expense in an almost unprecedented amount; but the Alhambra directorate will probably find a corresponding great reward. Certain it is that "Sardanapalus" will well repay trouble, and should give Londoners a fine glimpse of ancient Assyrian splendour.

By the way, it is worth mentioning that the story of Sardanapalus has been treated in ballet before. Both Germany and Italy have seen performances of the piece in this particular form, and in neither country was a very great success achieved, although I am told that the music and acting were of the very best. It is quite likely, however, that in those days when "Sardanapalus" was first produced as a ballet, such stage management and mechanism as exist to-day were undreamt of and unknown.

I saw "Sardanapalus" played some eighteen years back at the Duke's Theatre, Holborn, long since swept away to make room for the First Avenue Hotel. The character of Myrrha was then sustained by Miss Monta Gainsborough, a very beautiful woman, who had played the part before in Charles Calvert's revival of "Sardanapalus" at Birmingham, and had appeared in various Shaksperian performances in the country. Lord Byron's tragedy, like other works of his in the same genre, affords fine opportunities for spectacular display.

The conclusion of the Balfour trials, with a sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude for the chief offender, will excite little sympathy on his behalf, but it is with a very different feeling that I, in common with a very large number of people who have known him in the past, have read of the sentence of four months inflicted upon Mr. Morell Theobald. Mr. Morell Theobald is a nephew of that famous Dr. Morell whose "Grammar and Analysis" for twenty or thirty years was, perhaps, the most valued in all English schools. He has himself, more or less, been associated with literature, although, perhaps, one of his books, "Spirit Workers in the Home Circle," might have secured him an entire mitigation of sentence on the ground of insanity, the book being a record of a spiritualist's professed actual experience with the spirit-world. But, in spite of this eccentricity, Mr. Theobald was and is a thoroughly good fellow, and the comment of the *Times*, that he was "more sinned against than sinning," must evidently have been the opinion of the judge. The sentence of four months is almost equivalent to an acquittal.

A bearer of a celebrated name—which, for obvious reasons, I suppress—has made an indeed appropriate (?) addition to the Workhouse library in a large Yorkshire town. The gift consists of complete sets, second-hand, and costing seven-and-sixpence a volume, of the works of Milton, Tennyson, and Browning. Just fancy half-educated paupers puzzling their modicum of brains over some of Browning's obscurities!

It was really a night on which, proverbially speaking, you would not turn a dog or cat into the street that I journeyed to St. George's Hall to assist (as one of the audience) at an entertainment given to help provide a comfortable home to those harmless, necessary animals to which I have referred. Notwithstanding the unwelcome attentions of the Clerk of the Weather, I was glad to find the hall fairly well filled, and to learn that that much-deserving charity, the Home for Lost and Starving Cats and Dogs, had a large number of enthusiastic supporters, which I am sure every dog- and cat-lover (and their name is legion) will agree with me such an excellent institution should possess. The entertainment was as excellent as the object for which it was given, and I was particularly pleased—and so was the audience, if enthusiasm be a proof—with the recitation by Mr. Oscar Berry of a humorous poem entitled, "What is Home without a Cat?"—a really admirable piece of work, bright, original, and well put together, by Miss Grace Ernestine Becks, which had an effective musical accompaniment. When Mr. Berry told us in a feeling (I had almost been betrayed into saying "feline") manner how the real hero of the story, who had been banished from his home through jealousy, came back—

And so, of course, "the cat came back"
To kisses, love, and laughter;
And Angelina, Tom, and Jack
Lived happy ever after,

I really believe (among the elderly maiden ladies) there was "not a dry eye in the house." I am glad to know that the Home for Lost and Starving Cats and Dogs reaped a substantial benefit from this entertainment.

"Yet another wonderful pianist!" was the astonished remark when Herr Rosenthal made his first appearance in London on June 11 last at a Richter Concert, and the wonderment only increased when he was persuaded to give a recital. His reputation as the greatest living executant of the age had for years been known, but not until he had actually been heard and compared with other virtuosos was it realised that rumour only spoke the barest truth, and the opinions of the German and American critics were repeated and verified here. His phenomenal



MORITZ ROSENTHAL.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

technique has been described as the finest possessed by any living pianist, his touch is as remarkable for brilliancy and clearness as for power, and he plays with such ease that he may only be turning the handle of a street-organ, therefore his return visit has been eagerly looked forward to, and is a cause for congratulation in the musical world. He is now only thirty-three years of age, and was born at Lemberg, where he posed as a prodigy, for even in his fourth year he gave promise of most unmistakable musical ability, and when ten he played in public, performing Chopin's Rondo in C for two pianos with Mikuli, who was his master. In 1875 his parents settled in Vienna, and the young pianist studied there under Joseffy, and in his fourteenth year gave a very successful concert there, after which he went with his parents to Belgrade and Bucharest, where he was appointed pianist to the Roumanian Court. In the same year (1876) he accepted Liszt's invitation to play at Weimar, and there he stayed for two years before appearing in Paris and St. Petersburg, in both places making a great sensation. Then he returned to Vienna, in order to pursue his academic studies at the State Gymnasium, and, after passing his "maturity" examination, in 1881, he again began to play in public, for, the whole time, he had continued his pianoforte studies with the greatest energy. In 1882, ere he had reached his twentieth birthday, his marvellous performances were the talk of all classes of musicians. From that time his career has been one long triumph, and in all parts of Austria and Germany he has aroused the greatest enthusiasm. In 1888 he gave over a hundred recitals in America, and, since 1890, has been heard in every city in Europe, though London only knew him for the first time a few months ago.

I was talking to a medical friend of mine, the other day, about hair-dressers' methods. He declared that he always took his own brushes and combs with him when he wanted to get his hair cut, but that he never dared to get shaved except by himself. Perhaps he carries—probably from knowledge—his selectness too far, but we agreed that a barber should rinse his razors in carbolic acid every time they are used. So simple is this that one wonders it is not done and insisted upon.

The husband of Miss Agnes Janson's choice, and the direct cause of her retirement from the operatic stage, is Swedish Consul at Glasgow, and is a widower with several children.

A very ambitious programme was successfully carried out by Mr. Alexander Watson in Queen's Hall last Saturday week. He recited Shakspeare's comedy, "Twelfth Night," almost in its entirety, and gave due emphasis of voice and manner to each character. Behind a screen there was a small orchestra of stringed instruments, which aided, with delightful accompaniments, the tuneful voice of Mr. Watson. The players, who included the talented Miss Mary Chatterton, were conducted by Mr. Henry Lewis. The elocution of Mr. Alexander Watson has so often been praised that it would be redundant to say more than that he is one of the most refined and cultured of modern reciters.

I am not a very ardent admirer of amateur theatricals, but I confess the performance of "The Duchess of Bayswater and Co.," by some amateurs at Highgate on Wednesday, took me out of myself for an hour. Much of the humour of the piece is rather forced. The Duchess was played excellently by Miss Stephens—at moments, as cleverly as by a professional. Mr. Pedder was capital as the shop-keeping Duke, and Mr. Blanford as the tinned-meat millionaire. In the very small part of a gentleman's servant, Mr. L. J. Tatham was really admirable. The piece was well staged.

A Birmingham correspondent writes me—

Apropos of the death of Arthur Dacre, it may interest you to know of an event that occurred here almost similar to one reported from a London theatre. A portrait of the deceased actor has been hanging, and still hangs, in the artists' room of this establishment. On the morning of the day the sad news arrived, on entering the room to begin the day's work, we discovered the picture lying face down upon a table (above which it had been suspended), the cord having given way during the night. Little heed was given to the incident at the time, but later in the day, when the news reached us, all were naturally struck by the singular coincidence.

I note that there is shortly to be toured in the provinces a drama called "The Waterloo Cup." If this play were to be staged in anything like Drury Lane fashion, we should see several rounds of the Cup contested by specially engaged real coursing-dogs, just as there are now a real pugilist and a famous sculler in the cast of "A Dark Secret," at the Princess's. Some two or three years back there was played in the country another drama "written round" the Sheffield Handicap.

The Peer and the Peri have a strange attraction for one another, especially when the Peri has been a "play-actress," as Mr. Crockett would say. Some years ago, Miss Maud Richardson was one of the



MISS MAUD RICHARDSON.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

bright particular beauties at Drury Lane pantomime, and rumour says that she has just married the brother of a marquis, as Miss May Yohé married the brother of a duke. Like Miss May Yohé, too, her Ladyship intends to stick to the footlights—I hear, at any rate, that she is to take to the halls, and is on the look-out for new songs.

The "Trilby" maniacs—and their name is legion—are never tired of discussing their idol, its title, its characters, its incidents, with an enthusiasm that sometimes becomes a trifle wearisome. To some of them it may be news to hear that the name of "Trilby," though a novelty in English literature, is by no means one in that of France. There is a romance by Charles Nodier with a similar title, "Trilby; ou Lutin d'Argail," quite familiar to readers of French novels. The name "Trilby" occurs in Balzac. In his "Physiologie du Mariage" one finds the following sentence: "Souvent ce Trilby littéraire se laissait voir assis sur des monceaux de livres." It is somewhat curious that within a few lines of this sentence there is a reference to Rabelais, and that wonderful writer, who seems to have recorded or foretold most things, has a chapter ("Pantagruel," XLIII.) with the following heading: "Comment l'eau de la fontaine rendoit goust de vin selon l'imagination des buveurs." Quite a hypnotic chapter is this. I wonder if it could have suggested the hypnotism of *our* "Trilby" to the talented author? By the way, a great French authority wrote the other day to a friend of mine, and, speaking of the "Trilby" boom, and of the word as used in the French language, he says, "Trilby un lutin, ou espèce d'être féerique, correspondant au Puck Anglais." So the French "Trilby" appears to be a sprite-like Shakspeare's creation, rather than the substantial flesh-and-blood "Trilby" depicted by Mr. Du Maurier.

The store of Trilbyania seems inexhaustible. Hermann, the conjuror, has started a new hypnotic illusion, which he calls "Trilby," and an audience in Florida the other day felt so "spoofed" at not finding "Trilby" to be a rather wicked problem-play, as they had hoped, that they made quite a riot, and the stage-manager had to ring down the curtain at the beginning of the third act. Some people are indeed hard to please!

That the houses in many American cities are tall is, I believe, an undoubted fact; and the other day I was told a rather "tall" story with regard to one—a child-story, that, had I not heard it from a relative of the infant in question, I should have put down as a manufacture. Some English folks who went to live in the States a few years ago recently changed their place of residence, going into a building very much higher than the one they left. One day, the youngest boy, some five years old, who had been sitting very quietly for a long time, looking down from the nursery window into the street so far below in a meditative manner, startled his mother by asking her "if God could do everything." "Yes, dear, of course," was the reply. "Well"—very seriously—"I'll just bet my bottom dollar that he couldn't jump over our new house!"

When Patti appeared at the Albert Hall last week she received a greeting such as she only of singers can evoke, and such as befitted her only appearance in town this season. She was in excellent form, her voice ringing true and clear as of old, and thrilling her audience. She excelled herself in "Ave Maria," in which she was accompanied by the Eissler girls on violin and harp, and when she sang "Home, Sweet Home," it was an unforgettable sight to watch the hushed house. Madame Belle Cole was at her best, and even with the hackneyed "Lost Chord" she electrified the audience. Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Charles Santley both appeared in good form.

In the days of my youth the difference between elderly and young ladies was said to be that the latter were "careless and happy," while the former were "hairless and cappy." The cappiness is to a great extent a thing of the past; but the ladies, and not only the elderly ones, seem to require additional false locks as much as, perhaps more than ever. Even so seriously minded a writer as Mr. Thomas Hardy has noticed this yearning for a supply of hair additional to that provided by nature, and the repulsive Arabella, of pig-sticking fame, wore, much to the disgust of the obscure Jude, a coil of hair that belonged to her only in the sense that she had purchased it. It is perhaps, therefore, not

surprising to find, from observation, that the general public take a great interest in those artificial head adornments of which the bulk, I believe, are imported from the Continent, our own women of even the poorest class having a strong objection to part with their tresses. Noticing, the other morning, quite a little crowd gazing into a shop-window in Regent Street, I stopped, that I too might become an observer of the attraction. The shop was that of a hairdresser, and in the window, the cynosure of wondering eyes, the waxen image of a lady, clad not in white samite, but pink silk, gracefully withdrew from her crown, and then as gracefully replaced upon it, a delightful collection of tiny curls, which, I believe, is known on the other side of the Atlantic by the charming name of a "bang." I suppose this performance is a good advertisement for the hairdresser, as far as the "female women" are concerned, but whether it will be found to be an equal incentive to matrimony among the other sex must depend on how many of us sympathise with the feelings of the above-mentioned Jude.

With the Manchester November Handicap, flat-racing has come to an end; and some four months must elapse before the familiar faces of our leading knights of the pigskin are seen in public again. To me the off-season is unspeakably dull. Without being an inveterate frequenter of race-meetings, I like to know they are taking place, because it is a sign that the approach of winter is still ignored. When jumping commences in earnest, fine days are few and far between; there is plenty of damp, foggy weather. Ascot, Epsom, Newmarket, Kempton, and Sandown Park are simply memories, and it is painful to recollect that the enclosures once full of brave men and beautiful women are deserted to the rain and snow, that scarce more than a mud-patch is left where leather-lunged men sold certainties for twopence, where the wily bookmakers would cry "ten to one bar two," and the clever punter might bring a good thing home. The recollection of many strange scenes, of near chances, of good or bad luck, of surprises and disappointments is all that is left until the winter rolls away and the familiar crowds reassemble. Then Turf history will take a fresh lease of life, and new faces will replace some of the old ones whose wearers have become rich, poor, or sensible. There may be happier moments than the drive home from the race-course in fine weather, good company, and with plenty of the bookmaker's good-looking money in your pockets, but I know them not.

(on a Sunday afternoon)
'Ach! Trilby!' "he would say—*how beautiful you are - it drives me mad - I adore you. I like you thinner - you have such beautiful bones! Why do you not answer my letters - what! you do not read them! you burn them! and yet I—*
"Downsweller! I forgot! the frisettes of the quarter Latin have not learnt how to read - ~~add~~ write - they have only learnt to dance the cancan with the dirty little pigdog monkeys they call men! ^{So honest!} We will teach the little pigdog monkeys to dance something else, some day - we Germans. We will make music for them to dance to! Boom! Boom! better than the waiter at the cafe' de la Rotonde, hein! and the frisettes of the quarter Latin shall
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A PAGE OF MR. DU MAURIER'S MANUSCRIPT OF "TRILBY."

Yet another discovery is, seemingly, about to be made, one that will delight the heart of scientific men and novelists alike. The *Amateur Photographer* publishes a short account of some "thought photographs," and, in so doing, opens a fresh field for research. The paper says that someone gazed steadily at a postage-stamp stuck to a black card for about a minute, and then, in the darkened room, a sensitive photographic plate was placed on the spot just occupied by the stamp, and the person continued to look—for twenty minutes, this time. The plate was then removed for development, and two distinct impressions of the postage-stamp were obtained. Credible witnesses were there to see that everything was in order, and the more one thinks of this experiment the more startling its possibilities become. In the course of a few years, the instantaneous-photograph fiend will take snap-shots of our thoughts, develop them, and find out our most hidden sentiments towards humanity at large. Man's object will then be not so much to deceive his friends as to deceive himself, because only if he can control his thoughts will he be able to conceal his sentiments. When I think how people we do not care for, but are compelled to appear to like, will hold us at their mercy, I am full of many terrors and feel half hopeful that the new discovery may be nipped in the bud or declared illegal.

A funny story reaches me from Johannesburg. A Greek and a German happened to have business together there, and, as neither of them could understand English, and no interpreter was at hand, they were obliged to fall back upon the Zulu tongue, which they both spoke fluently.



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS AS SVENGALI, AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

IX.—A PROFITABLE WEAKNESS.

Only to the few and the very fortunate of men is it granted to earn a livelihood by the exertion of their best powers. Men in general owe sustenance to the meanness of their faculties, often enough to the basest possibility that is in them; and, even so, find the effort no light one. As a singular instance of something between the two, of a man who found his profit in the cultivation of a mere amiable weakness, without fatigue, and without sense of degradation, take Lambert Wellaway.

At the age of five-and-twenty he was a master in a boarding-school, and loathed his calling. Possibly, under very favourable circumstances, he might have made a good teacher; he had a vein of studious inclination, a faculty for the lucid exposition of his knowledge, a pleasant manner, an alluring sportiveness of intellect; but, in the school, these gifts were wasted. The large, noisy classes made his head ache; average brainless boyhood was a horror to him; he had not the least power of discipline, and was wont to declare in bitterness that his post demanded the qualities, not of a teacher, but of a drill-sergeant. Yet, how otherwise support himself? Of course, he had thought of literature—who has not? But Lambert Wellaway did not overrate his endowment; he was wise enough to judge of his chances as an author by the inertia that opposed him whenever he sat down to write. Indolence had a great part in his temperament; a book, a sunny corner, and entire tranquillity, formed his ideal of supportable existence. When the inevitable came to pass, and his head-master suggested to him that their engagement was for the advantage of neither, Wellaway could feel nothing but relief. He went away to his people in the country, and mused on things in general as he idled about the fields.

His walk one day led him by a stream-side path, along a leafy little valley, and here he came upon a middle-aged man, who was painting a picture—a serious picture in oils, a large canvas, the artist very business-like in his costume and attitude. Much interested, but afraid to linger, Wellaway threw a glance at the work, and passed on. He noticed, however, that the artist gave him a very friendly look, and so, on his return in half-an-hour's time, he slackened pace as he drew near again, viewing the canvas more boldly than before. A civil greeting rose to the lips of both men: Wellaway halted.

"How very beautiful! Pray allow me to watch your work for a moment."

He spoke with perfect sincerity, honestly admiring the picture, and delighted at the opportunity of conversing with a genuine painter. It surprised him when he saw the face of the middle-aged man flush with boyish gratification.

"You like it? Really? I'm very glad. I—I rather thought that I had—had got the effect. Very difficult, this *plein air* work. The water just there—yes, under the willow—doesn't quite satisfy me."

The artist had a very deep yet soft voice, and spoke nervously. His utterance was not altogether that of an educated man, and his lack of self-possession, a certain uncouthness in his bearing, excited Wellaway's wonder. Young, inexperienced, fastidious, he had imagined that an artist must of necessity be distinguished by every kind of refinement. The longer they talked, the more plainly it appeared that the painter had no very bright intelligence, and that he was very defective in grace of manner. But Wellaway's interest seemed to flatter him profoundly; he showed an eagerness to detain the young man, to strike up a friendship with him. He mentioned that he was staying, alone, at a little inn not far away, and:

"If you're living about here, you might look me up—if you have time in the evening. I should like to show you some little things I have with me—trifles—water-colours. My name is Paddy, but"—he laughed—"I'm not an Irishman. Perhaps one of my ancestors was; I don't know."

Wellaway gladly promised to call that very evening, and kept his word. He found Mr. Paddy sitting in the inn's best room, with cigars and strong waters on the table. The artist received him with almost excessive cordiality; they were soon talking like old acquaintances. When Mr. Paddy opened a portfolio, Wellaway tried to examine the sketches and finished water-colours with a critical eye; for already he suspected that the painting he had liked so much at the first glance was not, in truth, of great artistic value. All unskilled in the matter, he now felt his doubts irresistibly confirmed; these small things seemed to him decidedly commonplace. Another might have suffered embarrassment; not so Wellaway. To speak smoothly, pleasingly, was in his very nature; not only did he shrink from giving pain, in such a case as this, by silence or scanty applause, but it positively gratified him to be the cause of gratification.

"Delightful! A charming little thing that. How wonderfully you have got the sky! Yes, that's one of the best; a really exquisite thing!"

Mr. Paddy drank in the praise as though at every pore; his eyes danced with joy; an infantile slobbering appeared at the corners of his mouth; he fidgeted hither and thither, his hands tremulous in sheer delight. All the time, he kept swallowing great draughts of whisky-and-water, and a gentle rubescence tinged the end of his soft, unshapely nose.

They exchanged confidences. Having spoken frankly of his own affairs, Wellaway learnt that his friend was no artist by profession, but

a retired man of business, who from youth upwards had conceived himself born to be a painter. Mr. Paddy had a small estate in a delightful part of Gloucestershire; was married, but childless. In the summer-time he wandered extensively, with elaborate apparatus; his aim was to make a gallery of English landscape.

"I don't exhibit. To tell the truth, I don't think it quite fair to the men who have to sell pictures. I *do* sell, now and then, privately, but always for some charitable purpose—something of that kind, you know. I tell you what it is, you must come over to my place and spend a day or two—a week or two. Now, will you? I mean it—do, indeed!"

Why not? Wellaway accepted the invitation, and, in a week's time, he arrived as a guest at Mr. Paddy's house. Here another surprise awaited him. Mrs. Paddy was not at all the sort of person he had imagined. At least ten years younger than her husband, handsome, good-naturedly supercilious, this lady seemed to lead a perfectly independent life, and to take no interest whatever in the doings of her spouse. When Wellaway spoke to her of Mr. Paddy's paintings, she smiled, uttered an "Ah—yes," and changed the subject. Of actual disagreement between them there was no sign; they went their several ways with complete decorum, neither seeming to desire anything else.

Having come for a week, Lambert Wellaway remained Mr. Paddy's guest for nine years.

Both would have been astonished had anyone hinted to them that the situation was other than honourable. Wellaway called himself a "secretary," and saw no reason to doubt that his services merited their reward; in truth, the one and only service he rendered to his patron was that of unwearied flattery. For this Mr. Paddy had languished: in Wellaway he found a priceless stimulant, which soon became a necessity of life. His artistic hobby had yielded him but a doubtful, troublous satisfaction, yet he could not abandon it. Though more than moderately obtuse, he had learnt that his acquaintances considered him a bore of the first magnitude: he was ever seeking for new friends who would admire his pictures, receive them as presents, and, chief point, hang them conspicuously in their houses. In the nature of things it grew more and more difficult to satisfy this craving for admiration, since, however vain, Mr. Paddy stood upon his social dignity, and the praise of bores had little savour for him. Such a man as Wellaway, educated, well-bred, who could practice adulation without a trace of vulgar obsequiousness, appealed to his very heart. And Wellaway himself never found the position burdensome, owing to those happy characteristics of his, the inability to tell a disagreeable truth, and the pleasure he took in pleasing. He deemed himself a favourite of fortune. At thought of the past, he shuddered; forward he never desired to look. He lived in a luxurious home, associated with agreeable persons, travelled amid the pleasantest scenes. It had come about insensibly, by repeated prolongation of his visit; perhaps he could hardly have said at what moment he changed his quality of guest for that of permanent inmate. Really an ideal state of things.

Then Mr. Paddy died, and his testament bequeathed to Mr. Wellaway a very comfortable little income. Mrs. Paddy, having a separate estate, took the matter quite reasonably and with much good-nature.



"COOKIE," PET COCKATOO OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
Painted by Ernest M. Jessop.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Seldom has that great artistic truth been so triumphantly vindicated, that each and every medium of artistic expression has its own peculiar laws of presentment, as in the lithographic exhibition now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, the Rembrandt Head, in Vigo Street. Lithography has its laws as carefully limited and ordained as oil, water-colour, or pastel. You may not treat pastel as you treat either oil or water-colour; so you may not legitimately treat lithography as you treat pen-and-ink, or even chalk. The treatment of line, of shadow, and, above all, of masses, is a thing apart for all these various media; and



WATER-LILIES.—FREDERIC YATES.

Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery is there to show that you may be a great artist or a great draughtsman, and yet have no legitimate claim in the world to be called a lithographer.

A few exhibitors, indeed, there are who nobly prove that they understand and can truly grapple with the art of lithography. Among these we name at once Mr. Whistler, Mr. Shannon, and, perhaps, Mr. Sargent. Mr. Sargent's "Study," indeed, is so fine in itself, so essentially grand, that it persuades of its virtue perhaps a little in despite of its restraint within the lithographic formalism. On the other hand, when Sir Frederic Leighton essays the study of a head in lithography, he is just the same Leighton whom we have known all along as a designer or as a painter in oils. Mr. Legros, again, is his own individual self—a great artist in silver-point when he tries to persuade you that he is also a great artist in lithography. Mr. Strang, again, is merely the etcher we know, and not the master of any particular mystery in this art which he also essays.

Mr. Whistler, however, is there to show that, for his own part, the examples of art which he submits in lithography are expressed in what is for them their best—indeed, their only true meaning. His "Figure Study," in particular, touches, as it seems to us, the extreme limit of appropriateness. Further, in this respect, art cannot reasonably be expected to go. You know and appreciate that he designed the work for this particular kind of printing, and for nothing else. The result is, of course, nobly and beautifully artistic. And, next to Mr. Whistler, Mr. C. H. Shannon shows a delightful familiarity with what may be called the private technique of lithography. His massing and his boldness are not so strikingly and immediately impressive as are these qualities in Mr. Whistler's work; but he attains, as a rule, beautiful—and legitimately beautiful—results.

The exhibition of oil-paintings accomplished by Mr. Mortimer Menpes in Mexico, and now hanging at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, will probably not increase—though there is no particular reason why it

should diminish—the reputation of this artist, who has already compelled some portion of our admiration for just this kind of work done in India, in Japan, and where not. It is a matter of some misfortune, for example, that Mr. Menpes, while in his general manner he has retained all his own tendencies towards monotony, has not improved his art either in point of colour or of natural characterisation. His figures are stiffer than ever, and might, indeed, have been drawn from photographs. Still, particularly in his dark interiors, he is very often immensely effective. He is audacious indeed, and there are times when his audacity cannot be said truthfully to justify itself. There are other times, however, when his startling results do really achieve the better kind of sensationalism which, doubtless, he foreshadowed for them. He himself tells us in his catalogue that they do not profess to be a general reproduction of the everyday or conventional life of the country, but that they appeal merely as features which touched his painterly eye. The result is as we have stated it to be.

It has been decided to hold at the New Gallery, from this month to April 1896, an Exhibition of Spanish Art. The exhibition will consist of examples of work illustrating the arts of Spain from Early Mediæval times, including Moorish art of the Peninsula to the present day. The examples will include the following arts: Pictures in oil and water-colour, cartoons, drawings, designs, and heraldic devices; carvings in marble, stucco, wood, and ivory; castings in bronze; plaques, coins, and medals; manuscripts and printed books, illuminations, bindings, &c.; gold and silver work, gems, enamels, and jewellery; wrought and inlaid iron and steel; arms and armour; Hispano-Moorish ware, including the lusted wares of Valencia and Malaga, and other pottery and porcelain; tapestry, needlework, and lace; ecclesiastical and domestic furniture; inlaid cabinets, musical instruments, and stamped leather.

The Committee hope to bring together a sufficient number of choice examples of Spanish and Moorish work to make this collection worthy of the series of annual exhibitions illustrating European art. Among the paintings of the Spanish school to be found in this country, the Committee are particularly anxious to obtain fine examples of Velasquez and Murillo, as representing the old school, and of Goya, Madrazo, and Fortuny, as illustrating the more modern; and they will be grateful for information that will assist them in carrying out this object.

The Durham County Council, deciding to build a habitation for itself, invited architects to compete, and offered prizes for the most successful designs. The designs came, and the one to which the second



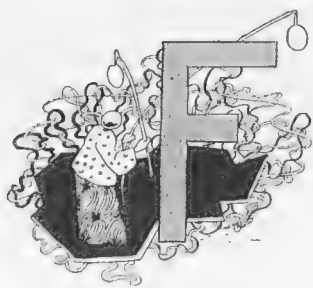
J. W. NORTH, A.R.A.—MARMADUKE FLOWER.

and not the first prize was awarded was adopted for the building. The architectural world is rent by questions as to whether the maker of what it calls "the first premiated design" has a grievance. Some think he has. But, in face of the fact that the Council announced it did not pledge itself to carry out the most successful design, most people will agree with Mr. Ravensworth in dismissing the controversy as a "professional squabble." The simple fact is that the Council saves four thousand pounds by the adoption of the second design, and that is a very intelligible motive in the eyes of the ratepayer for setting aside the first.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

PINKERTON'S PILLS.

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.



AIRBAIRN 'S a successful man—especially since his wife's money has enabled him to write at leisure—and he's clever; but I do think he lacks resource. See here, this is from the morning paper—

A sale of autograph letters was held yesterday at the rooms of Messrs. Lettbridge, White, and Co., when some high prices were recorded. A small lot of six very early and interesting letters written by Charles Dickens when he was reporting for the *Morning*

Chronicle fetched £80; two short notes by Lord Tennyson, written prior to his marriage in 1850, and having reference to "In Memoriam," sold for £12 10s.; a four-page letter written by John Ruskin in 1842 was bought for £7 7s.; three early letters by Mr. John Fairbairn, and the title-page of the original manuscript of his famous novel, "The Vision of Present Things," were secured by Mr. Watchet, after a brisk competition, for £15 10s. A batch of twenty short notes and post-cards by Mr. Gladstone fetched £8 8s., and a few minor lots were disposed of.

That's how things stand *to-day* with Fairbairn: anything of his sells—including his autograph. But, four years ago, his position with the public was very different, and I am going to tell you how small a thing was really the turning-push which veered the needle round on the dial, and then set it fair for his future. But this small thing which made Fairbairn was suggested by me, and, but for this, I believe he would still be waiting the opportunity to use advantageously the undoubted talent he possesses.

Fairbairn and I both played at being barristers after we left Oxford, and both found it necessary to do bread-and-butter work for such journals whose editors considered our stuff worth paying for. This went on for a couple of years, when, by the death of a relative, I came into a working-share of a patent pill. From that time I found ample scope for my literary ability in writing advertisements for the pill; many of the neatest things you see on the hoardings and in newspaper advertisements are written by me to push that pill—I assure you that sometimes I feel quite inspired when I think of all the good my pill does.

But Fairbairn had to keep his nose to the grindstone, and wanted the leisure to do his best work; and then he got engaged to Elinor Hay. Her father, Andrew Hay, was a wealthy North Country manufacturer retired from business, a man of whims and crotchets, which were strong in proportion to their unreasonableness. To put it mathematically, the strength of a whim increased directly as the reasonableness of it decreased. Among his crotchets were: an absurd belief in Bloxam's Pills, which can't hold an invalid's night-light to mine; a fancy for horseshair sofas and dining-room chairs, which, besides being most uncomfortable and slippery, are terribly wearing to one's trousers; an extraordinarily high opinion of successful and well-known authors, and an entire contempt for those not eminent. Old Hay couldn't see, as poor Fairbairn lamented to me, that everyone must have a beginning, even a successful author—he recognised merely the two extremes, and his opinions about both of them were equally distorted. But the man was a curiosity in other ways; he would spend large sums on his hobbies, the collecting of old silver plate and autograph letters, and yet I believe he was almost parsimonious about his household expenditure. He lived at Caterham, and Elinor kept house for him: Mrs. Hay was dead, and there were no children but Elinor. She was a suburban beauty, and must have "taken after" her mother, both as regards looks and good-temper. She was one of those fresh, healthy-looking girls who make such splendid advertisements for a patent medicine: I asked Fairbairn if he would mind my asking Miss Hay to sit to my artist for a poster, "Brought up on Pinkerton's Pills," or something of the sort; but he was quite offended, although I believe Miss Hay would have jumped at the distinction, especially as a substantial fee and free pills for life went with it. But Fairbairn was merely talented—he had, and has, no genius. I don't believe he could write a really clever advertisement, such as those of mine, which you so often read, and which sink into your mind and heart, although you may not be conscious of it at the time. [But a time will come when you will be irresistibly drawn towards Pinkerton's Pills.]

They were afraid to tell old Hay about their engagement, for Elinor told Fairbairn—who was quite frank with her about his means—in what light her father regarded authors who had yet to arrive. And so the affair was very awkwardly shaped, and Fairbairn, who now lived near me at Kenley—he had given up the Temple—was perpetually asking me what he ought to do. He didn't like keeping his engagement dark, and he didn't want to run the risk of being told by old Hay not to go to his (Hay's) house any more. This was at the time when "shilling shockers" were very popular, and, to give Fairbairn a leg up, I suggested he should write one for me, full of interest—after the style of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—but should let the magic medium be finally revealed in the last chapter as Pinkerton's Pills instead of the powders brought in by R. L. Stevenson. But Fairbairn scouted the idea as a prostitution of talent, and would have nothing to do with it. [Subsequently, I had a novel written for me on this plan: it went splendidly, and some of

the reviewers—who, I am told, don't always read the books they review—never spotted the idea, and the thing was a huge success. I mustn't give the full title, but I may say that a new edition of "The Bl--d-R-d St-ck-ng; or, The S-us-ge-M-k-r's R-v-nge," has just been announced by the publishers, *one vol., six shillings.*]

One afternoon, after about three months of this clandestine engagement, Miss Hay was calling on my wife, who was in the secret, and, when asking us to go to dinner at Eastbrook, said to me, "I do wish, Mr. Mildmay, you would think of some plan to make father think more of John; it is so wretched." "Miss Hay," I answered, as a thought flashed on me, "let us make a compact. If I succeed in making your father think highly of John as an author, will you sit to my artist for 'Brought up on Pinkerton's Pills'? A first-class black-and-white poster, you know, a twenty-guinea fee, and free pills for life." She laughed, but I assured her I meant it, and finally the compact was made.

Fairbairn's *fiancée* was twenty, and she had confided to my wife that she couldn't touch the money that came to her from her mother if she married without her father's consent under the age of twenty-five. As she and Fairbairn were unaffectedly and sincerely attached, and as the income from this money would mean real service to John and his work, neither my wife nor I could see why they should wait five years to get married. Now that I was additionally interested in the affair, I determined to do all I could to perform my part of the compact I had made with Miss Hay, whose father, as yet, knew nothing about her engagement to Fairbairn.

On the following Monday we went to dinner at Mr. Hay's. The only other guests were Fairbairn and a Miss Peters—a friend of Elinor's. After dinner the old man got showing us some of his things, and Fairbairn, at my advising, played up to old Hay and admired his autograph letters when he pulled out his portfolios. I remember one he showed us was a little scrap he had paid twenty-five pounds for. It was written by Charles II., when a boy, to his guardian, the Earl of Newcastle, who had been chiding him for not taking his medicine: "My Lord, I would not have you take too much Phisick; for it doth allwaies make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you," ran this letter, and I nearly sent Hay into a fit when I suggested he should lend it to me for facsimile reproduction, with the addition "Take Pinkerton's Pills. Charles P." Yes, it was foolish of me, I know, but, happily, we smoothed him down later on. [Mr. Hay died last year, and his daughter recently gave me Charles II.'s letter. You may like to see it *au naturel* before it goes on the hoardings, so I show a facsimile of it here.]

My Lord
I would not have you take too much
Phisick for it doth allwaies make me
worse, and I think it will do the like with you
Charles P

Later in the evening, the old gentleman showed me some recent acquisitions, and among them was an early letter he had bought, at a high price, written by Mr. George Meredith. "That's what I call an *author*, sir!" he exclaimed, as he gazed at his purchase; "I haven't read him, and I don't know what he writes about, but it's good enough proof for me of his position when I have to pay in bank-notes for his letters"—and the old man glanced disparagingly in Fairbairn's direction.

I forget what I said, for this remark at once suggested to me my plan of action. I thought it out as I went home, and the next day set to work. First, I went to a well-known London dealer in autographs, and bought twenty-five pounds' worth of letters. I added to these—which included one by Carlyle and two of Thackeray's—a couple of notes written to me some years ago by Fairbairn, and which I had hunted up among my papers. I then went to one of the literary sale-rooms, and gave in all the letters—including Fairbairn's—with a commission for their sale at the next auction. At the same time I obtained from the manager the names and addresses of half-a-dozen regular attendants at their auctions, and, calling a hansom, went to see each of them. My formula was the same in each case: I said, "At Blank's sale next Tuesday some of Mr. John Fairbairn's letters will be put up. . . ."

"Who's Mr. John Fairbairn?" was the invariable question that was interposed.

"He's the author of 'Lucy Armitage,' and—er—er—why, surely you know him?"

But none of the six men did, so I told each of them privately to bid for these two letters of Fairbairn's for me. I named my price-limit at £10 for bidder "A." and at £15 for bidder "F." letting my limit to the four others increase by a sovereign from £10, to £15. They all thought I was mad, I suppose; but as I paid the necessary deposit, they agreed to bid for me. [I told the last man—"F.," the fifteen-pounder—that if he could manage to pay not less than £15 for the two Fairbairn



MISS KITTY LOFTUS IN "GENTLEMAN JOE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

letters, I should be quite content to pay the extra commission entailed by the higher selling-price. This man gently winked, I thought, as he said, "Very good, Mr. Fairbairn, you may rely on me."]

I had put my plan in shape, and now set about the most effective *dénouement* of it as regards old Hay. Two days later, I received from the sale-rooms a printed catalogue, which contained particulars of the letters I had given in for the sale, and which did not mention my name as the owner of them. With this in my pocket, I went over to Eastbrook in the evening, as I sometimes did, for a game of billiards, and, during the game, turned the talk on to Hay's hobby.

"By the way, I was so interested with those autographs you showed me last Monday that I am thinking of making a collection." Hay pricked up his ears at this, and at once assented to my request that he would give me the benefit of his experience. "I got this catalogue to-day from Blank's," I went on, as I took it from my pocket. "You might look through it, and mark what you think likely?" And I gave the catalogue to him and took up my cue.

Hay had not looked long at the list before he exclaimed, "Who is this? John Fairbairn, two early letters? Who's John Fairbairn?" [That was the seventh time of asking.]

"Why, you know Fairbairn, Mr. Hay—he dined here last Monday."

"What? Him! Who the devil wants his letters, I should like to know?"

"Your stroke, sir," I said; "and let me tell you that Fairbairn is a long way higher up the ladder than I fancy you think he is—from your remark."

"Nonsense!" rejoined the old gentleman, as he slammed the red into a bottom pocket. "There won't be a bid for his letters. You're prejudiced, Mildmay, because he's a friend of yours."

"I don't think I am prejudiced, really, Mr. Hay; but, anyhow, I should be very much obliged to you if you could attend this sale with me, and advise me as to something you consider worth buying."

"Now, there's a good Carlyle, apparently, and a piece or two of Thackeray that you might go for," said Hay, who had at once agreed to go to the sale on Tuesday; "and mark my words—there won't be a bid for these things of Fairbairn's."

I went on with my stroke, and, before I left, we arranged to meet at Blank's.

On Tuesday I found Hay in the room examining the letters. He marked my catalogue with the prices he thought the items were worth which he advised me to bid for, and, in the interest of handling the lots, had apparently forgotten all about the Fairbairn letters—at all events, he made no remark about them.

As the sale progressed I secured some of the minor items marked, and my Carlyle and Thackeray letters were bought by Hay himself, who bid for them after asking me if I intended to secure them. The prices fetched were more than I had paid for them on the preceding Tuesday; the total amounted to sixteen pounds for the three.

It was very funny to watch the auctioneer as he announced "Two early letters by John Fairbairn." He did not want to give himself away as a connoisseur, and so his voice lacked the smack of importance which it had when he announced some of the other lots. On the other hand, he did not want to appear at fault as an auctioneer, and so between the two negative wants Mr. Quilter looked fairly puzzled. But this was lost on Mr. Hay, who was examining one of his purchases, but, as a bid of "Two guineas" was quietly offered by one of my agents, I whispered to Hay, "Fairbairn's letters are being offered." "Two-ten!" came sharp from another of my six bidders, and "Three guineas!" from another on Hay's left. The old gentleman looked puzzled. "Four!" called out my "F." man, who sat on the other side of the table. "Four-ten," "five guineas," "six," and "eight pounds," were quickly reached before old Hay could get back the breath he had lost in his first gasp of astonishment. Leaning towards him, I whispered—for I saw he was bit—"Shall I bid?" "No, no; leave it to me," he muttered, as he mopped his head in a dazed way. "This beats me, but they *must* be worth having, or Potter and Hayman and the others wouldn't be so keen." "Ten guineas" was reached, when, to my immense surprise, Mr. Hay called out "Eleven!" and, as he was at once taken up and passed by my man "C." (the twelve-pound man), I leaned back in my chair and fairly luxuriated in the scene. The ordinary *habitués* of the sale-room were completely nonplussed; but Hay did not notice it, he was too much engrossed. A bid of thirteen pounds had come from my fourth-limit man, and Hay chimed in with "Guineas," only to be cut out by my fifth string with "Fourteen sovereigns." "Guineas," again bid my perspiring friend, and then my biggest and last gun fired out "Fifteen pounds!" With a thump on the table, Hay looked at the auctioneer and gasped, "Fifteen guineas!" Mr. Quilter said, "Thank you, sir," and looking round—as an auctioneer, pleased, as an expert, bewildered—queried, "Any more bids, gentlemen? Two rare early letters by John Fairbairn, going at fifteen guineas. Shall I say sixteen for you, sir" (turning to my man "F."). "Going at fifteen—at fifteen guineas, gentlemen. Two rare early letters by John Fairbairn." A final glance round, his mallet fell, and Mr. Hay had bought two of the despised John Fairbairn's letters for fifteen guineas!

Of course, this settled the whole thing, for Hay was the last man ever to go back on his own judgment. As we went out together, he said to me, "You must forgive me for what I said the other evening about Mr. Fairbairn. I had no idea he stood so high. But you can't have a surer test of a man's position than the price his letters fetch."

I murmured a polite rejoinder, and said, "Your mistake was quite pardonable, Mr. Hay, for Fairbairn is one of those quietly brilliant men

who are really right up at the top of the tree, but who make no fuss of self-advertisement."

"Yes, yes, it must be so, and I must make amends for my mistake. Will you come and meet him at dinner on Friday?"

I said I would, and we parted—I overjoyed at the success of my plan.

The same afternoon I told Fairbairn all about it, who, up till then, had been quite unaware of the scheme. He was at first incredulous, but I soon packed him off to tell Elinor Hay, who, I knew, was going to see my wife in the afternoon, for I had told my wife of my plot and had asked her to get Elinor round to tell her of my success when she learned the actual result from the telegram I then sent off.

On the morning after the dinner, Fairbairn formally proposed for Miss Hay, and her father at once consented. She gave my artist the necessary sittings for "Brought up on Pinkerton's Pills"—one of the best posters I have ever used—and the marriage took place within three months. The income from his wife's money was not for long needed by Fairbairn, for the report of the sale of his letters brought him into prominent notice, and his own clever work cemented his success. But you can now see why I started by saying that Fairbairn lacks resource, because he might have thought of the plan himself; but, then, he is merely a talented man—he has not the genius which is at the call of a writer of advertisements for Pinkerton's Pills.

SKATING AND HOCKEY.

"Figure and Fancy Skating," by George A. Meagher, (Bliss, Sands, and Foster), is the title of an elegantly produced volume which has reached us. It is published at a time when every man, woman, and child is anxiously studying the barometer and bringing forth the "gliders," out of which small but necessary instruments so much recreative enjoyment is evolved. In a preface written by Lord Derby, Mr. Meagher is eulogised as a gentleman eminently fitted to deal with the subject, and those who peruse the book will be likely to agree with his Lordship. Those who never knew anything about skating before will derive much valuable information from the lines "To the Young." "Nothing is easier to learn than skating, if you set about it properly. A fair share of that not at all scarce commodity, pluck, is all that is wanted, but coupled with perseverance. Like many other things, skating ought to be learned in youth, when one has not far to fall, and not much dignity to lose"—a very graceful way of looking at it. There are useful hints on skates, which, says Mr. Meagher, should be all of one piece; on foot-gear; and on the two styles, with straight or bent knee. The diagrams throughout are perfectly executed, and there are two amusing sketches on the front leaves. The work cannot fail to command a ready sale. By the way, Mr. Meagher is giving exhibitions of his art at Niagara Hall.

"Hockey," by H. F. Battersby (Ward, Lock, and Bowden), is the best thing of its kind which has appeared. Hockey is not a game for the masses, or rather, the masses have not yet lent it their patronage. As a matter of fact, nine out of every ten people in this country know little of the game and nothing of the rules. To the one as well as the other needs the book may be recommended. In a bright, chatty style, the author deals with the game from every possible point of view, and it is highly likely that, with the pleasure to be derived from playing so clearly put forth, hockey will begin to assert itself more decidedly than it has done. Combining the best features of both cricket and football, it is the very game to claim the attention of votaries of those national sports. "If," commences Mr. Battersby, "it were of as much advantage to a game as to a woman to be without a past, hockey might claim an enviable position. Not, indeed, that the stick game is of modern growth, far from it; but, as played under its present code, it can scarcely date back a decade." Portraits are given of Mr. Battersby, Mr. E. H. Nash, Mr. W. N. Fletcher, Mr. Stanley Christopherson, Mr. J. F. Arnold, and Mr. W. B. Barchard, together with illustrations and diagrams of the chief features of the play. There are 148 pages altogether, and those who take up the book will not rest satisfied till they have religiously studied every one of them, for all are interesting.



MR. GEORGE A. MEAGHER.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



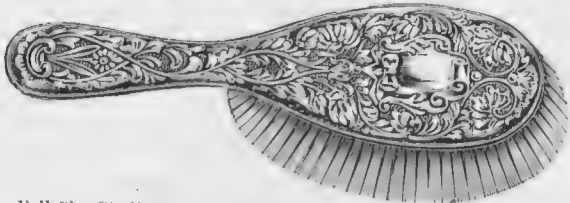
• TRILBY •



THE EVOLUTION OF AN ORNITHOLOGIST.

Mappin & Webb's

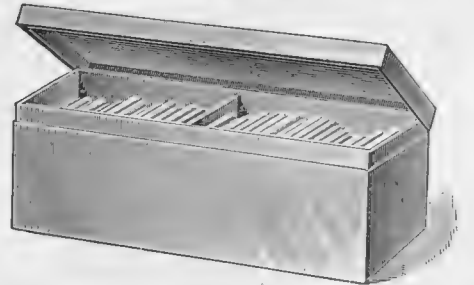
ART SILVER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



Full Size Sterling Silver Hair-Brush, Richly Chased, £1 1s. 0d.
Hand Mirror, to match, £2 10s. 0d.



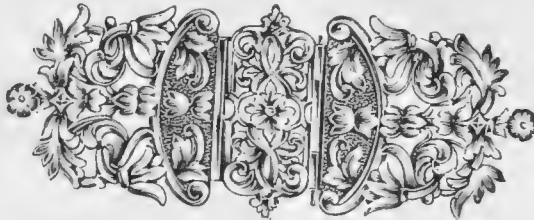
Sterling Silver Antique Chased Shaving-Brush and Shaving-Stick Case, in Solid Leather Case, complete, £3 10s. 0d.
Ditto, Plain Silver, £2 10s. 0d.



Sterling Silver Cigarette-Box, lined Cedarwood.
Length, 4½ in. ... £3 10s. 0d.
" 5½ in. ... £4 5s. 0d.
" 7½ in. ... £5 10s. 0d.



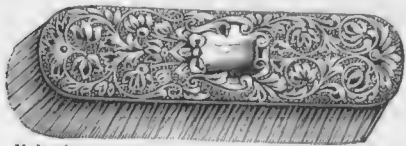
Fine Tortoiseshell Comb, with Massive Sterling Silver Mount, 17s. 6d. Tail Comb, to match, 17s. 6d.



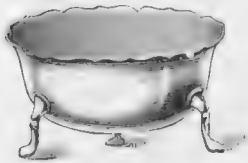
Handsomely Chased Double-Hinge Sterling Silver Clasp, very massive, £1 18s. 0d.



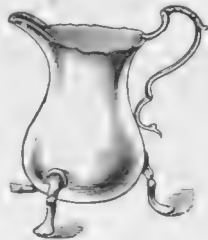
Handsomely Chased Sterling Silver Trinket-Box, Interior richly Gilt. Size, 5½ in. by 2 in., £1 10s. 0d.



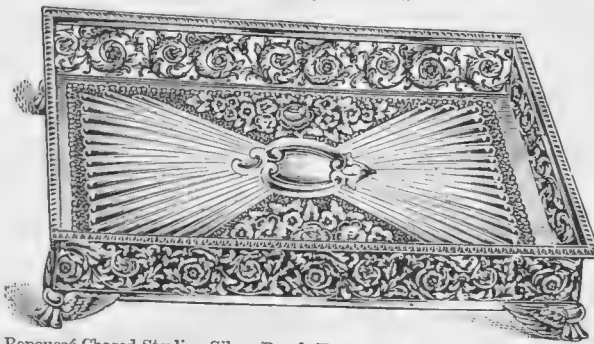
Full Size Sterling Silver Cloth or Velvet Brush, Richly Chased, 13s. 0d.



James I. Sterling Silver Sugar-Basin, £1 10s. 0d.



James I. Sterling Silver Cream-Ewer, £1 13s. 0d.



Repoussé Chased Sterling Silver Brush-Tray. Size 10½ by 8 in., £11 11s. 0d.



Sterling Silver Concave Fusee-Case, with Ring. Interior richly Gilt, 17s. Solid Gold, £5 10s. 0d.



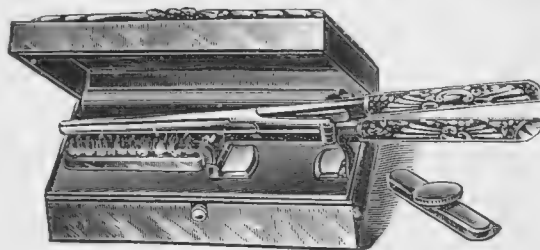
Sterling Silver Concave Cigarette-Case, £1 1s., £1 5s., £1 10s. Solid Gold, £7 10s.



Richly Cut Crystal Salt-Bottle, with Sterling Silver Mounts, height 3 in., £1.



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Box, interior richly gilt. Size, 2 in. by 1½ in., £1 1s.



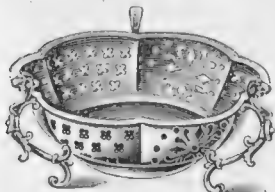
Chased Sterling Silver Box, containing Curling-Tongs, Lamp, and Silver Mounted Tongs, Spirit-Flask, &c., complete, interior richly Gilt. Size, 6½ in. by 3 in., £7 10s. 0d.
Ditto, without Spirit-Flask, £6 6s. 0d.



Sterling Silver Flower-Holder, richly Chased, 4 in. high, £2 10s. 0d.



Cut Glass Match-Stand, with Sterling Silver Mount. Height, 2½ in., 10s. 6d.



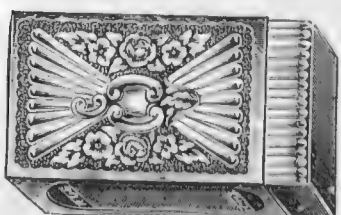
Pierced Sterling Silver Sweetmeat-Dish, £1 15s. 0d.



Sterling Silver Cigar-Rest and Ash-Tray, £1 5s. 0d. In Prince's Plate, 5s. 0d.



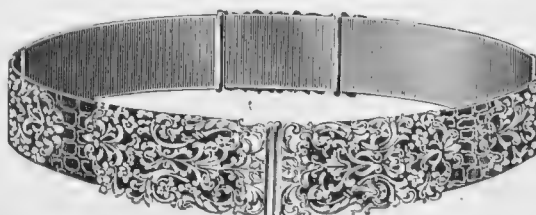
Fine African Ivory Paper-Knife, with Handsomely Chased Sterling Silver Handle. Length, 13 in., £1 5s. 0d.



Repoussé Chased Solid Silver Case, for Bryant and May's Matches. Large size, 18s. 0d.



Ivory Pepper-Mill, with Sterling Silver Bands, £1 10s. 0d.



Lady's Crocod Skin and Pierced Sterling Silver Belt, £5 10s. 0d.

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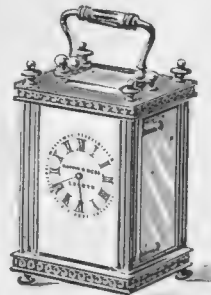
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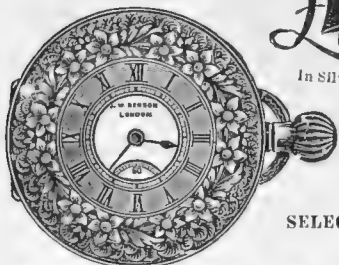


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HOMOCEA won't mend machine or bring dog to life,

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Lane has collected and published some of the poems of Mr. Frederick Tennyson, "Poems of the Day and Year" the volume is called. This is done none too soon. The glory of his great brother's name, the brilliance even of Charles's, have set his fame in the shade. But there is true poetry in much of his work, if not burning inspiration; and while yet he remains among us, honour should be done him. The two connecting links between his verse and Alfred's are the love for the out-of-door world, and a strong, even rigid, moral sense. There is no echo of the special Tennyson music; there is no imitation of phrase and metre. One of the poems that pleases me most in this collection is "The Forest," an interesting mixture of classic imagery, first-hand observation, and love of natural beauty. The last is as genuine as his aspiration for such a woodland song as—

... poured into the dainty ears of Kings,
Would make them thirsty for a wild rose wreath,
Turf walks, and thymy slopes, and fresh cold springs.

Another is "The Holytide," an old man's Christmas thoughts, not a very cheerful theme, but treated very tenderly. It is a pledge to absent and dead friends, dead days, old and dear memories—

And ye who wander and are far apart
(Oh! this great world is bleak, and years are growing),
I have a sunny corner in my heart
Where I do set ye when rough winds are blowing.

The days are sad; it is the Holytide;
The sun is on the hearth, the world at home;
Over the frozen heath the whirlwinds ride;
Drink to the past, and better days to come.

A book of some interest to the literary student, and especially to the Coleridge lover or specialist, is "The Gillmans of Highgate," just issued in handsome form by Mr. Stock. The writer, Mr. Alexander W. Gillman, is the grandson of Coleridge's host. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the set of portraits of the poet at various periods, of the different members of the family to whom he owed so much kindness, and the pictures of the house and of Coleridge's study, the room in which he died. But the text contains matter that is worth looking at. The poet's assertion that he broke himself of the opium habit has often been disbelieved, but there is evidence here to prove that the statement was correct. Then there are some hitherto unprinted notes made by Coleridge, chiefly following up ideas suggested to him by Mr. Gillman in conversation. But, indeed, apart from such things, one is grateful to get a near glance at the household that gave so ungrudging, so safe, and so peaceful a shelter to a great man who had not the gift of taking care of himself.

Visitors to the Riviera this winter should have their attention called to a book which is full of interest to them—at least, to the rather more serious among them, for "The Riviera, Ancient and Modern" (Unwin), is something beyond a mere guide-book. It is a translation by Dr. Charles West of a learned French work by M. Leuthérie, which, notwithstanding its learning, keeps popular interest well in view. Its subject is the history and the romance of the strip of shore which English people have now nearly annexed, in all epochs of which there are distinct records. Greek and Latin and Saracen civilisations had set their mark on the coast, and they have left it there for intelligent travellers still to see, if they be provided with a guide like M. Leuthérie. And modern aspects of the place have not been ignored. Such a book may do something to stimulate the health of many a Riviera visitor, by giving an interest to his exile and suggestions for many pleasant wanderings. There are excellent maps and plans.

One of the best ideas for book-making has taken hold of Mr. Charles Harper. For some years back he has been sending out books on the great highways of the South of England. He treats of them historically, pictorially—of course, for he is an excellent black-and-white draughtsman—and romantically. The books are not exactly guide-books, for he takes the liberty of omitting the facts that have not some kind of humour or picturesque interest; and, just because they are not written on the guide-book plan, the leisurely tourist, either on wheels or on foot, will find them delightful. The latest, "The Dover Road" (Chapman), I have found most entertaining; it has suggested at least eleven points in the highway I want to visit or revisit by the light of its later information, its anecdotes and legends. But "The Portsmouth Road," and "From Paddington to Penzance," were also full of excellent matter. As to the manner, Mr. Harper has his crusty moments, when he says very disagreeable things; and his style is sometimes atrocious. But, just when your refined ear is feeling sore from the offence given it, it will suddenly be soothed and delighted by a bit of excellent narrative, or by some particularly apt description. Far be it from me to complain where so much is good.

I doubt if any other English writer has the legend and the folk-song sense in so marked a degree as Alma Strettell. At least, I am sure no one else has it so strong who has also an equal literary and poetic talent. Her newest book, "Legends from River and Mountain" (Allen), is a treasure-house of fine tales, gathered from many lands, new to all save learned searchers in such fields, and with a wealth of wild imagination about them. There is a story of Ovid's exile, and a story about a land which, by the desire of its monarch, and at the sound of the pipes, was peopled by children only, and many others, too, that bring the happy conviction that, if all the good tales be already told, as it has been said, we haven't all of us heard all of them yet.

o. o.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

We have about half-a-dozen South African capitalists running race-horses in this country, and I hope they will patronise the cross-country business. There is, I think, much more sport in a three-mile steeplechase or in a two-mile hurdle-race than in a five-furlong sprint. I cannot say so much, however, for the National Hunt Flat-Races, and I was glad to see that these events were absent from the Sandown programme at the last meeting held there. To make hunters' flat-races a success, jockeys should be allowed to ride even though they put up, say, a 5 lb. penalty. This would put a stop to the in-and-out form so often seen in these races, which, under existing conditions, are shunned by clever backers.

Mornington Cannon shows good judgment in deciding to ride first jockey for the Kingsclere stable next season, as, if I am not greatly mistaken, John Porter will capture more than his share of the big races in 1896. It was, by-the-by, the Master of Kingsclere who once said there was not the length of his walking-stick difference between a good stable-lad and a good jockey. Methinks he holds a different view to-day. I believe Captain Machell thinks highly of Cannon's ability, and he was glad to get third chance on his services. Cannon, I may add, has to do a deal of walking to keep his weight down. In addition, on his off-days, when the public think he is resting, he has sometimes to ride his cob to Danebury and back, twenty-eight miles, to take part in the gallops of his father's horses.

Several attempts have been made of late by the stay-at-home "S. P." bookmakers to frame fresh rules and regulations whereby they could save themselves from being "shot over big jobs." But I hardly see where the remedy is to come from, so long as the layer consents to receive telegrams up to within half an hour of the start of the race. If the "S. P." men adopted a set line, under which all telegrams must be sent direct from the backers on to the course, we should hear of fewer certainties rolling home at 100 to 8 against. It may not be generally known that, at places like Epsom, owners often make their bets in the paddock by telegram to their agents in Tattersall's Ring. I mention this to show the facilities there are for bookmakers to do the levelling-up business on the course before the race starts.

I was talking to a well-known racing official the other day about the alleged jockey ring, and he suggested that the starter should always take a note of the doings of the jockeys at the starting-post, for the benefit of the handicappers. It seems that some of the flash riders often get off very slowly, and then drive their horses for all they are worth when nearing the winning-post; but, of course, the animals, under this sort of riding, have no chance given them of getting home in front. I pity the next jockeys who are warned off, as I am certain they would never be allowed on the course again, as the members of the Jockey Club are not likely to temper justice with mercy over the next case that is brought before them. I hope the hint dropped here will be taken by all concerned.

A big sweepstakes of £20,000 was started in Middelburg, Holland, over the Manchester November Handicap, and if the whole amount mentioned was subscribed the winning horse will receive £5000, the second horse £2000, and the third horse £1000. Among starters other than the above £2000 will be divided; £2000 will be divided among horses entered, but not starters. There will also be ten cash prizes of £100, forty cash prizes of £50, fifty cash prizes of £20, two hundred cash prizes of £10, and four hundred cash prizes of £5 each. Her Majesty's Government ought to make a fine thing out of this, as the postage to Holland is twopence-halfpenny. It will be interesting to know to what nationality the majority of the winners belong. It is thought that Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are mad on sweepstakes, but I think Englishmen, and Englishwomen too, would run them very close in taking chances, as is proved by the many raffles at bazaars held in this country.

Complaints are numerous as to the absurd restrictions imposed on clients by "S. P." bookmakers, and many big speculators now refuse to bet, except on big races, and then they send their money over to Holland. But matters are getting just as bad on the Continent, where the commission agents now resort to restrictions unknown to backers a decade back, and the prices "all in" offered on "the field" before the entries come out are not equal to those offered against anything after the acceptances had been published ten years ago. No wonder the layers live in big mansions and keep fine horses.

So many hunting accidents have happened of late that many sportsmen are beginning to think that it is safer to ride over a steeplechase course than over a natural country; so it is when the fences are blind and the banks are rotten. Dr. Johnson followed the harriers on one occasion, and when his friend Thrale told the Doctor someone had exclaimed, "I am astonished—Johnson rides like a young sportsman of twenty!" the philosopher said he was better pleased with that compliment than any he had ever received. I do not think the Doctor would have faced the doubles in the Blackmoor Vale country, as I have had to do, and that, too, on unbroken colts. But it is possible for the old-stagers of our day to learn something in the art of riding even from Johnson. They should, to excel at the game, ride "like young sportsmen of twenty."

One of the largest sporting publishers in London, who deals in "Specials," "Finals," "Golden Wires," and all literature appertaining to the "sport of kings," tells me his trade has been very slack of late, and he attributes this, in a great measure, to the fact that many of the gamblers have, for some weeks past, deserted the Turf for the City.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The writing is at last beginning to make itself manifest on the wall; that is, with reference to the probable destination of Championship honours in the First and Second Divisions of the Football League. For weeks we have been speculating, and speculate was all we could do.

The various clubs had an irritating habit of beating each other, and making confusion worse confounded. Even now, the outlook is by no means too clear. A little thing might easily happen to upset all calculations again.

Aston Villa is at present the club which the people generally regard as likely to be landed on top of the poll. I hope expectations will be realised, because I am convinced that Aston Villa is the finest combination of players ever got together by a regular club. There is one happy circumstance about the League, and that is, that one can be pretty confident as to the merit of the team which wins the Championship. The element of flukiness may enter to a large extent in Cup competitions, when, by a series of lucky draws, a side is enabled to force



CLIFF BOWEN.

Photo by Morgan, Llanelly.

its way through more skilful opponents. But in the League there are too many matches to play for that contingency to occur: the chances are too equal; and, though I don't deny that flukes do occur, they are but as drops of water taken out of the ocean.

In the Second Division, I think we may take it that Liverpool will be there or thereabouts at the finish. A week or so ago, we were all decrying Liverpool for not setting the Thames on fire, as had been expected. We must have judged them by too high a standard. Because Liverpool had just left the First League, it did not therefore follow that in the second class they were bound to win every match they played. The reaction is setting in now. It is being comprehended that, if Liverpool cannot obtain the same magnificent record which was theirs on the last occasion of their battling in the Second League, they are, at least, quite good enough for their present company. The most dangerous opponents to Liverpool are Manchester City, Burton Wanderers, and Newcastle United. The struggle should be desperate.

We are to have one of the First Division clubs down in London next Saturday, when Sunderland pay one of their few visits to the Corinthians at the Queen's Club. What a world of reminiscences this match brings to mind. Who, for instance, will forget the memorable battle in the fog on Kennington Oval, when the Corinthians defeated the then almost invincible Wearsiders by 4 goals to 2? Time has brought about many changes. That heavy and sweeping line of Corinthian forwards, composed, if I remember rightly, of R. R. Sandilands, J. G. Veitch, G. H. Cotterill, R. C. Gosling, and G. Brann, has given way to a comparatively pigmy quintet, and that is why, to my way of looking at it, the Corinthians are not faring so well this season. The good heavy men who are still available are not available—to borrow an Irishism. Sunderland will on Tuesday next play the Casuals, who also sensationally beat the professionals last season.

It must be confessed that the Universities continue to behave incorrigibly. With the most puzzling rapidity, they pass on from defeats at the hands of weak opponents to victories against really stronger teams than themselves. If it is possible to gauge the relative abilities of the rival Blue elevens, one can take West Bromwich Albion to furnish the line. Cambridge defeated the Throstles by 3 goals to 2, whereas Oxford could only make a draw of it, the score being 2 goals each. This would, of course, make Cambridge out the smarter set. But, bless you! no seasoned critic would even dream of arguing that way. Seldom indeed do the favourites prove successful in an Association inter-Varsity contest, and, though I personally consider the Light Blues a cleverer collection, I am, at the same time, convinced that Oxford will take a deal of beating. They have some good heavy men in the team, and good heavy men are always worth their weight in gold.

Under Rugby Rules it is the general opinion that Cambridge possess a decided pull. Indeed, everybody is unanimous in the opinion that the Light Blue fifteen is the best seen from that Varsity for years.

Certainly, the team's record is brilliant in the extreme. There are so many splendid reserves, too, that the consequences of accidents to any of the crack players cause very little anxiety. This is especially the case at full-back, where Mendelson, Paul, and Thomas are all candidates for their Blues. Oxford started the season very badly, but they are improving tremendously, and it is not at all impossible that when the great day, Dec. 11 or 12, comes round, we may find Cambridge stale and Oxford at their very best. It is generally the way, and it is a rather unfortunate way.

A portrait is given here of Mr. Cliff Bowen, the Llanelly captain. Mr. Bowen is one of the finest exponents of Rugby football in Wales, and he created a great impression the other day, when Llanelly were in the Metropolis to conquer the United Hospitals and the London Welsh.

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has just decided that no tax is to be placed upon cycles—at any rate, not for the present. It will be remembered that the matter had aroused considerable controversy all over the country, and, though the majority were against the imposition, many saw in the taxation a real benefit to cyclists in general.

Of course, one cannot altogether regard the cycle as a luxury. Day by day it is displacing the more common vehicles in commercial use. Under the circumstances, therefore, the Chancellor of the Exchequer adopted a very wise and, of course, popular move. I hardly think the matter ought to stop here, however. Cyclists are sensible enough to realise that something ought to be done with a view to ridding the road of the pests, and there are far too many cycling-pests all over the country. Developments are anxiously awaited.

The good people of Slough evidently do not agree with the policy adopted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Captain De Winton and Dr. Charsley, of that ultra-progressive town, consider that cyclists should not be permitted to pass through the streets, and that they ought to be taxed. They have accordingly promised to move resolutions to that effect at the Urban District Council.

More news from America. One of the Continental cycling journals states that a nonocycle—that is, a machine to carry nine—has been constructed at San Francisco, and that it goes at such a speed that, when it was first tried, the riders could not stop themselves before they had covered several miles, the average time per mile being twenty seconds. One is instinctively reminded of Mr. Rutland Barrington's famous remark in "The Mikado" regarding the "air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." We should like to see that machine, all of us. What will become of the common or garden-seated bus?

According to the figure-finders, there are more lady than gentleman cyclists in France.

I am informed that all clubs desirous of competing in the Southern Counties Cross-Country Championships in February next must send their subscriptions and a list of members to the S.C.C.C.A. on or before Dec. 5. All competitors shall be first claim to the clubs they represent on Jan. 1, and must have been elected members of those clubs before Dec. 1.

GOLF.

The Hoylake professional, Andrew Armitage, has been engaged for the Old Manchester Club, of which the Rev. T. N. Carter has assumed the duties of honorary secretary.

At the last meeting of the Bournemouth Town Council the plans for alterations at the pavilion of the Golf Club in Meyrick Park were passed.

Ground has recently been acquired from Sir Walter Hamilton Dalrymple for the erection of a large model on the Rhodes Links at North Berwick.

One would have thought that two full courses of eighteen holes would have satisfied most clubs. The Troon Golf Club, however, are not so easily pleased. More ground has just been acquired from the Duke of Portland, the object being to bring the starting-place and finish of the auxiliary round close to the club-house. Close by, at Prestwick, too, the St. Nicholas Golf Club also intend remodelling their round, which will be extended to about 5675 yards, while the par will be raised to 74. This will be a very severe test to golfers.

Here is another curious incident in golf. We may look for them now as a regular thing. A championship meeting was recently held in Geelong (Victoria), and one of the competitors played a brassy shot to the flag. A large pond, some thirty yards wide, protected the green and a bunker as well. The shot, which was a very low, hard one, struck the pond and rebounded off the water, carrying the bunker, and lying almost dead on the green. What a pity this story did not come from America!

BOXING.

Boxing would seem to be gaining a new lease of life. The number of entries received for amateur competitions far exceed those of previous seasons, and this was especially the case with the Orion B.C., whose four novice open competitions recently were distinctly successful. One of the most promising of the competitors was W. H. Burnand, of Northampton, who only lost in the final of the bantam-weights, wherein he was conceding more than a stone to each of his opponents.—OLYMPIAN.



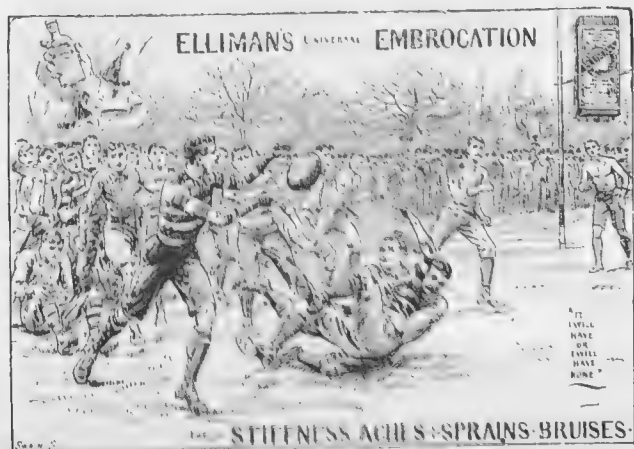
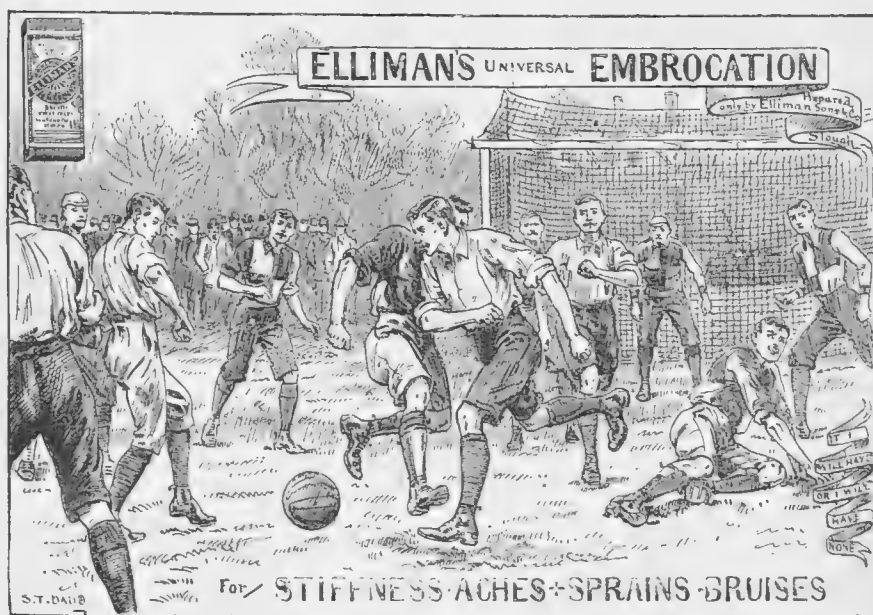
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FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SHOPPING WITH SANTA CLAUS.

The views of Santa Claus on early Christmas shopping, as conveyed through my medium last week, have evidently taken some effect, for, during our second round of visits, we encountered quite an important advance-guard of the present-seeking army, which will shortly invade the shops in its full force, these wise folk being busily occupied in taking Time by the forelock, and detaining him in the same manner till they had obtained what they wanted in the way of gift-offerings. We encountered our first batch of these up-to-date followers of the wise virgins at the palatial premises of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158 to 162, Oxford Street, the equally magnificent City house, you will remember, being at 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., a position which makes it impossible for even the busiest City man to urge, as an excuse for not having done his duty in the way of present-giving, that he had "no time to go anywhere to get anything."

As to old Santa Claus and I, we found ourselves mere units in a crowd of worshippers at the shrine of a genuine novelty, which, indeed,

fascinating thing in the world, this "Holly Bough" decoration, and has a trick of lingering in your memory till you feel that another sight of it is a necessity; so I venture to prophesy that those who go to buy some of it for presentation to friends will inevitably stay to secure some for themselves also, for there is a point at which magnanimous forgetfulness of self comes to an abrupt end, and here it is bounded by this silver-leaved holly.

But, needless to say, there were other things for us to note, so many, in fact, that it seemed as if we must take up our temporary residence among them if we were ever to give any adequate idea of their charms, an ingenious arrangement, for one, being a new biscuit, butter, and cheese-stand, which has shell-like holders for the butter and cheese, while a covered receptacle is provided for the biscuits, the price, complete with two knives, being £3 15s.; while the prettiest little preserve-dish, with a stand and a handle of Prince's Plate, and a fluted dish of threaded glass in ruby, citron, or blue, bears the modest price of 14s. 6d., a sum which will suit everyone's purse, just as the article itself will most inevitably suit everyone's taste.

Then there is a silver hunting-appointment frame, which would be



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

is worthy of all homage, for it is one of the prettiest ideas which has ever been carried out to perfection.

Try to imagine, then, as a first instance, a fascinating little afternoon-tea set, carried out in the famous Prince's Plate, with little branches of holly in frosted silver, decorated with brilliant scarlet (glass enamel) berries, cunningly introduced as handles, and you can understand why we were all so enthusiastic. This latest and prettiest reproduction of the Christmas emblem appears on cruet, biscuit-boxes, sugar-basins, and the like, with equally good effect, but it adds a particularly strong fascination to a fluted fruit-dish, where a branch of berry-laden holly does duty as the handle, in the fashion shown in one of our sketches, the price being only fifty shillings. There is another point about "Ye Holly Bough" service which will help to make its fame world-wide—it is not at all dear, for the afternoon-tea set which I first mentioned to you is only £6 10s.; a little fern-pot, similar to the one illustrated, with a trail of leaves and berries encircling the top, is but twenty-seven shillings; and a cruet, in cut-glass and Prince's Plate, is thirty shillings, the new decoration adding a sort of halo even to the ordinary commonplaceness of this last-mentioned useful article. It has more scope in the stand fitted with cream-jug and sugar-basin, which, with the fluted bread-and-butter and cake-plates, are lined with silver-gilt, and this fact is taken full advantage of, with a result that you have a really beautiful production which is a most excellent investment for £6 10s., or, in sterling silver, for seventeen pounds. It is the most

invaluable to a sporting house-party—and it is only £1 15s.; while more home-loving tastes can be rewarded with a case of four quaintly shaped sweetmeat-servers, with finely pierced handles, the set, made in Prince's Plate, and complete in a morocco case, being £2 12s.

And have you by chance a young friend or relative to whom the art of writing has not many attractions? I feel morally certain that the presentation of a pretty case, containing a finely chased pen and pencil in sterling silver, would work wonders, and induce a great desire for writing, or, at any rate, for the use of this particular pen and pencil, and the good work need only cost you fourteen shillings. And lastly, there is a spirit-flask, which is the visible sign and token of the appreciation of the wrongs which poor, neglected man has hitherto suffered—not altogether in silence, perhaps, but with a noble fortitude. It marks the beginning of happier times, when it will be possible to take a long pull and a strong pull from the flask, and not to get only tantalisingly inadequate sips one at a time. This new flask is almost covered by the holder, which, in its largest size (at thirty-six shillings), is capable of holding a split soda-and-whisky, though a goodly draught can be obtained even from the twenty-five shilling size. It is impossible to gauge the depth of gratitude which would well up in a man's heart if you presented him with such a gift, so I commend it to the very special notice of all my sisters; it will bring kindest thoughts of the giver whenever it makes its appearance, with—who knows what results?

So much for our sketches, and then may I bring before you another

present which should soften the heart of the most crotchety of relations, taking, as it does, the form of a damp-bed detector, made in sterling silver, and calculated to show to a degree just how damp the bed may be? I expect you all know at least one person—I am sure I could name half-a-dozen—to whom this little appliance would bring genuine joy, and who would employ the majority of any time which they might



PERSIAN LAMB AND SABLE COAT.

spend away from home in testing its capabilities, while they would not, I fear, be above trying their own servants in the same way. But, in all seriousness, it is a very useful as well as a very ingenious little appliance, and might be the means of saving many a dangerous chill and consequent rheumatic pains.

Some of the photograph-frames, to pass on to a more cheerful subject, are marvels of beauty, notably those in tortoiseshell, with an elaborate design inlaid in silver; and then—still bearing in mind the claims of your husbands, lovers, and cousins, which are always rather difficult to meet—let me tell you that an excellent way of spending 17s. 6d. to the best advantage is to get a blue velvet pin-cushion, which rests on an exact copy in silver of an old Sheffield bottle-stand, while the top lifts up to reveal a resting-place for studs. If you have pounds to spend instead of shillings, you can spend them on a uniquely handsome umbrella, the handle, of crocodile leather, being provided with a plain gold top on which a crest or monogram can be engraved—this is eight pounds, you must know. I could tell you also of handsome red morocco blotting-cases adorned with silver spades or trumps, diamonds or hearts, in imitation of the various cards, for thirty-two shillings; and I, as a woman, can think of few more useful gifts for a woman than a carriage-companion, where, in addition to forming a smart little bag in the first place, there is accommodation for cards, envelopes, paper-knife, pencil, button-hook, mirror, pin-cushion, and “Where is it?”; and all for thirty-eight shillings, though it is made in red morocco, with silver-gilt fittings.

But are not all these and many more things written of and illustrated in Messrs. Mappin and Webb’s list of latest novelties, which I should advise you to send for and pore over at your leisure. It is an excellent guide to the art of successful present-giving without extravagance, but the realities with which it deals were so fascinating that nothing could have dragged me away from them but the knowledge that I was bound for the International Fur Store, at 163 and 198, Regent Street, there to discover what new and lovely forms the favourite furs had been induced to take for the ensnaring of indulgently generous husbands and fathers, who want to make their womenkind’s Christmas notably happy by reason of some particularly acceptable gift. And I am open to affirm that there are, in the heart of nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of every thousand, two reserved compartments, labelled respectively “furs” and “diamonds,” and it is the duty of the said husbands and fathers to see that these are not allowed to remain empty and wasted. I will only ask you to look, as an instance, at the Persian-lamb coat of our sketch, which is short and full in the basques, in accordance with the fashion which our innate sense of what is most becoming to us has led us to adopt and to cling to so lovingly, though, in front, it forms two long, quaintly shaped points. There is a huge upstanding collar of sable to cosily enframe the face, and this queen of furs also forms the huge revers, which do not finally disappear

till they make the acquaintance of those points in front. I have yet to discover the woman who would not find life doubly worth the living as the possessor of such a coat; but, of course, there are others with more modest tastes and requirements, though they have been probably brought to this state by force of circumstances; and, in any case, there is consolation to be found in the very newest sable tie, which reaches to the waist and is fringed round with a number of sable tails, which give it something of the importance of a cape, without its cost; and the work of consolation would be still further aided by the completion of the set with a dainty little sable toque and a muff of goodly but not exaggerated proportions. But still my mind lingers lovingly on a blouse-jacket of caracule, held in at the waist by an Oriental belt, while the enormous sleeves, together with the collar, are of chinchilla; another coat, also of caracule, being rendered notable by the introduction of an ermine jabot of purest white, fringed with endless little tails, and combined, too, with a collar and half-cuffs of sable. One gets so used to seeing the snowy surface of ermine dotted over with those wee, black-tipped tails, that, shorn of this ornamentation, it takes upon itself quite a new and unfamiliar aspect, which is almost startling, while it is certainly wonderfully effective. But then, naturally, the International Fur Store are past-masters in the art of dealing with furs. As to evening wraps, if you should be in need of anything, could you not lead the subject gently during the next two weeks to the peculiar suitability of an exquisite creation in pale-pink silk, all embroidered in an elaborate design of gold beads and paillettes, interspersed with appliqué medallions of creamy lace, which appear again as a border to the shoulder-cape, the fur used for the huge collar and the lining being white Thibet, while a full cape is of snowy-white Mongolian, lined with cream brocade, and with a yoke of soft-green suede, embroidered with lines of gold paillettes? They are lovely things, both of them, and I should suggest a personally conducted visit to 163 or 198, Regent Street, where your persuasive powers may be of value at the last moment. I never believe in allowing men to embark on the troubled sea of shopping unless a woman is at the helm.

But you may want to reverse things, and initiate your husband into the cosy delights of a fur-lined garment, and if so, there are coats provided for your selection from ten guineas upwards, the ten-guinea ones being perfectly marvellous, as witness their widespread fame. Recognising the superior nature of women as shoppers, the International Fur Store are prepared to make coats simply from the pattern of any old home coat which can conveniently be abstracted without the knowledge of its owner, for the unexpectedness of such a gift would be half its charm, and, even if the state of your own funds will not permit the outlay, you will be doing your husband a good turn by utilising some of his spare cash to get a present for himself—a habit to which I find married women are much addicted.

And now for that other reserved compartment and the diamonds.

Santa Claus was quite willing to accompany me to Wilson and Gill, 134, Regent Street, in search of them, though he had refused point-



THE LATEST SABLE TIE.

blank to enter into the feminine intricacies of fur capes and cloaks. The fur-lined overcoat in the window was quite sufficient to occupy his attention while I was revelling upstairs in the beauties of which I have told you; but here, among the jewellery, he was quite at home, and between us we selected for our sketches some very pretty novelties, which would, one and all, gain ready admittance to the diamond compartment

[Continued on page 313.]

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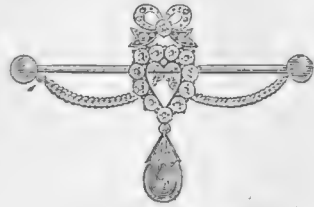
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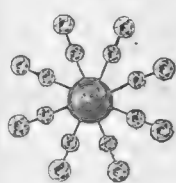
Emeralds and Brilliants,
£10



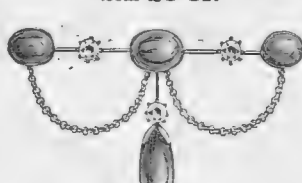
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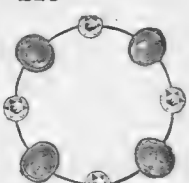
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 Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz.
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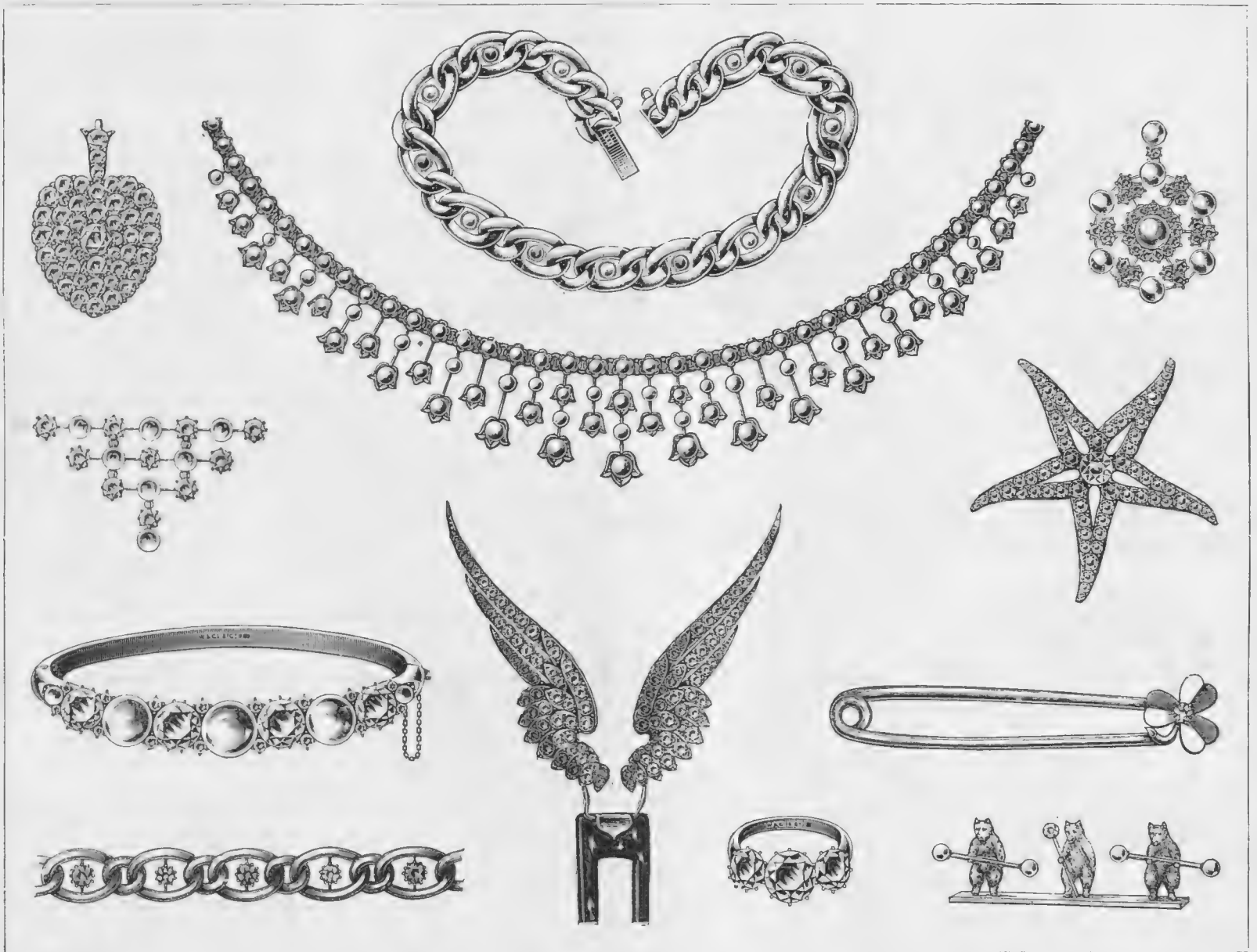
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of the feminine heart—a compartment, by the way, which will never close its doors against pearls. So let me perform the ceremony of introduction in due form, though it must necessarily be a somewhat hurried one, for time and space are both racing away at express speed. First allow me to present a magnificent diamond heart, which will do duty as a pendant or brooch, and is valued, let me tell you, at seventy pounds, while, if you happen to be largely blessed with this world's goods, you can afford to make the acquaintance of the superb pearl-and-diamond bracelet at £350. But though, should you be desirous of spending a small fortune, Messrs. Wilson and Gill are in a position to help you, they can, on the other hand, provide you with a vast variety of pretty, inexpensive jewellery; and again, between these and that bracelet, there are medium purses to be suited with such a brooch as the diamond starfish at forty pounds, or the pendant or brooch at twenty-five pounds, where a great pearl in the centre is set round with flashing diamonds, and encircled by an outer ring formed of alternate pearls and clusters of

duty as a brooch or flower-fastener, the prices varying from fifteen shillings to two pounds, according to size.

If a bracelet is required, I can recommend the gold curb, set with alternate turquoises and pearls, especially as it is only £4 5s.; while I cannot suggest a better present for a mother and father to give as a combined "coming-out" and Christmas gift to a young daughter than the lovely pearl necklace in a new tapering drop-and-flower design. It is thoroughly girlish in its soft beauty, but it is not at all dear, only twelve pounds, so, parents, please note.

I would also advise you to see a charming pansy brooch in frosted gold, with a diamond glittering in the centre, the price of this pretty thing being four pounds only; while, in the way of studs, a notable novelty is the introduction of smoked mother-of-pearl, with a diamond in the middle of each stud (£6 15s. the set); others, at fifty shillings, having the same position occupied by a crossed stitch in gold. Altogether, I can promise and vow faithfully that, once inside the doors of



SOME NEW JEWELLERY AT MESSRS. WILSON AND GILL'S.

three diamonds; another brooch, where again alternate pearls and diamonds are used, being this time arranged in rows in most effective fashion.

Then there is a lovely flexible gold bracelet set with many flashing diamonds, for which twenty pounds is a very moderate price, and, perhaps loveliest of all, the two diamond wings which quiver on a tortoiseshell pin as a hair-ornament, in one of their various forms, while they can also be detached at will to be worn together or separately on the corsage. It was pleasing news to find that they were only forty-five pounds, and, moreover, the design is a particularly becoming one, which is calculated to suit any face.

I mention this for the special guidance of trembling masculine purchasers, who may not have sufficient confidence in their own judgment.

Now, as samples of the cheaper articles, let me tell you that handsome diamond rings begin at ten pounds (though they go up to two hundred), while the three quaint little performing bears, each one balancing a pearl-ended bar, are to be had complete on their gold-brooch bar for £4 10s.; and you will be prepared to shower feminine blessings on the sturdy gold safety-pin brooch, the fastening concealed by a shamrock, in whose heart rests a pearl, and which can either be used with good effect to assist in the joining together of skirt and bodice, or do more ordinary

134, Regent Street, your difficulties as to the choice of Christmas presents will melt into thin air; and, by the way, it is amusing and instructive to note how the passers-by are drawn inside these same doors as if by a magnet after they have stopped, as they invariably do, to glance at the treasure-filled windows.

It is a much more lengthy business to get out, but Santa Claus and I managed it at last, and continued our pilgrimage up Regent Street till we stepped out of fog and rain and mud and general depression into a fairland of light and colour and perfume—otherwise, Liberty's; and there we were just content to rest for a while, drinking in the beauty of all the Yuletide gifts gathered together in that most alluring place. I found my eyes lingering longest on some charming photo-screens, where, on a tender-green ground, there is patterned a design of pale-yellow roses, with knots of ribbon straying in between. The design is charmingly pretty, and the material, though it has all the appearance of brocade, is really cretonne; therefore the prices of the screens and glove-boxes, the handkerchief-cases and the tea-cosies, into which it is made up, are pleasantly and surprisingly moderate—a tea-cosy at 6s. 6d., for instance, a very handsome double photo-screen for 12s. 6d., and a glove-box at 4s. 6d., will give you some idea of their moderation. While on the subjects of glove-boxes, nightdress-sachets, and the like, picture one of the latter in palest-blue silk, brocaded with tiny yellow-and-white

shamrocks, divided by fine line-stripes in blue; and then imagine your head finding a resting-place on a downy cushion of soft, creamy silk, where tall sprays of tender-yellow daffodils rise up against a background where blue mingles with the cream, and where the surrounding frill is of lily-of-the-valley leaf-green. I was absolutely amazed to find that, for half-a-guinea, anyone could become its possessor; but, then, Liberty's cushions are famous for their beauty and their moderate price, and for 12s. 6d. there are some in delicately coloured printed velvet and silk, while others, of goodly size and rich brocade, are a guinea.

As for the very newest form of cushions, where a photograph on satin of an ideally beautiful head is framed in a setting of coloured satin, it would be almost a sacrifice to drag them into active use, but they are delightful to look at, in common with every one of the Liberty productions—their softly draped lamp-shades and wonderful table-centres, their work-baskets and bags, and the thousand-and-one things which go so far towards the beautification of the home.

There are some leaf-shaped candle-shades, too, of delicately veined silk in autumnal colourings, which are the perfection of artistic daintiness, and they can be had from a shilling upwards; while, for the special edification of bazaar-helpers, may I mention some hundreds of Japanese dollar-purses in silk or brocade at sixpence, ninepence, or a shilling each? They are pretty and useful little things, and will hold anything small and likely to go astray, from a button to a key. In fact, Liberty's goods need no praise—everyone knows them; but perhaps you do not all fully realise the fact that you can get through a lot of Christmas shopping there for a very small expenditure. So pray make a note of this fact for early reference and proof.

Now, my concluding paragraph and illustration are for mothers only, for they alone can and will appreciate to the full all the advantages of Leveson's new Imperial Car, which combines a variety of advantages, quite apart from its smart appearance, though this will probably be duly



LEVESON'S NEW "IMPERIAL" CAR.

considered by the fond parent. To begin with, it is so constructed that, when necessary, a small baby can be laid flat upon a most comfortable bed, while in a few seconds it can be transformed into a mail-cart for an older child, the change simply being effected by lowering the front part of the footboard, and turning a screw, when the seat (which is hinged) can be raised up and laid against the back, two cushions then filling up the bottom of the car.

This may all sound complicated to the ordinary intelligence, but mothers will understand and appreciate it in a second. It is made with C-springs too, and the hood is fitted with an adjustable joint, so that it can be extended half-way, to protect the baby from any suspicion of a draught. It will be greeted with delight by the nurse, for, owing to the novel arrangement of the shafts, she is brought nearer to the car, and has, therefore, more control over it, while, as it stands on all four wheels at once, it does not require tilting. After this you will certainly want to know the price, and will be only too glad, I am sure, to expend six guineas on your baby's comfort. Leveson and Son's head London branch is at 90 and 92, New Oxford Street, so you can either write there or go and view the "Imperial" personally. I am sure any baby would appreciate such a Christmas present, even though its thanks could not be conveyed in words.

The older children are nobly provided for with toys and sweets, and I, for one, can only say that, if these latter include any variety of Fry's chocolate, it is a desirable thing to be a child; but, fortunately for us, even grown-up folks are sometimes presented with boxes of this delectable dainty (the beloved alike of youth and age), and without which, in some form or the other, Christmas festivities would hardly be complete. In fact, "when in doubt, buy chocolates," might almost be taken as the revised and up-to-date rendering of an old saying. And now Santa Claus desires a little time for reflection and a further survey of the Christmas situation, on which he will issue another report next week.

The other day I was dragged off by a company of cycling enthusiasts to see the ladies' race at the Aquarium, but my eyes found more congenial occupation in the central stand, where a portion of the always fascinating store of the Parisian Diamond Company was set forth in tempting array, with an effective background of safes wherein these treasures might repose at night. And when I found that the company was offering three prizes to the cycling combatants, I could have wished that I were one, when I looked at the exquisite little watch, encrusted with diamonds, and the necklace of lovely Orient pearls, which constituted the first prize. And then imagine what goodly use could be made of the second prize, a set of half-a-dozen buttons of richly dark but bright blue enamel, set round with diamonds, and with a tiny spray of diamond flowers in the centre; third, and last, coming an enormous diamond crescent. As, however, fate debarred me from participation in these particular good things, there was some satisfaction to be got out of the fact that the watch and necklet eventually fell to the lot of an Englishwoman; and then there is always the chance of going to 86, New Bond Street, or to the Regent Street or Burlington Arcade premises, and investing in some of these things of beauty on one's own account. FLORENCE.

AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, November.

For the last two months New York has supped full of excitements. First, the International Yacht Races, and the discussions arising therefrom, which took up so much attention that hardly any other subject was mentioned. Then came the Marlborough-Vanderbilt engagement, which effectually crowded it out, and the people who had their feelings hurt and their patriotic feathers ruffled by the terrible fiasco in New York Harbour, and the subsequent misunderstandings, were soothed and pleased by this happy conjunction of English and American social interests, and wranglings and jealousy were forgotten.

But even the Duke and Miss Vanderbilt had to make room for Election news, and, instead of opening our paper to see what flower Marlborough had worn the night before in his buttonhole, our eyes flew to the columns where the possibilities of a majority on one side or the other were discussed.

When Election-day came, New York was smothered in a thick fog. It was a *sea* fog, not a *smoke* fog, such as clouds the horizon in London, so the New Yorkers hasten to say. New York took a general holiday; the shops were shut, that all might vote. All day long crowds of small boys were seen, carrying about sticks, and barrels, and broken boxes, and baskets, destined to some nefarious purpose. When night came, this purpose was made manifest. There was a huge bonfire ready to light in every street. In Broadway and other large thoroughfares there were great piles of wood every few yards. It was a weird and wonderful sight when once they were all ablaze. The flames illumined the thick white mist, which took on all sorts of queer, fantastic shapes; that seemed to mount up straight to the sky. The flames looked as if they had come from below—the earth appeared to open and pour them forth. Round each fire danced crowds of small, ragged Irish children, yelling and shouting, and trying to blow up and poke up the flames all they knew how. When a policeman hove in sight, they vanished like smoke. Bonfires are against the law, yet it is said that there were forty thousand in New York that night!

There were several very serious fires, wholly unpremeditated, and, altogether, New York seemed to take days to cool down. The streets were thronged with people till late at night, waiting to hear the result of the elections, which was to be signalled all over the city by a flash-light.

Then came the International wedding. It was the most gorgeous wedding ever *rehearsed*. Yes, it is the curious custom here to rehearse the wedding ceremony in the church the day before. The marriage service is not actually read, but the music is played and sung, ushers and bridesmaids learn their positions and duties, and practise their paces. The bride and bridegroom are generally there to take lessons too; the Duke, however, did not appear until the actual wedding morning, so Miss Vanderbilt and her bridesmaids rehearsed alone. He, however, appeared quite letter-perfect on the eventful day, and managed to get through the ceremony without any visible embarrassment or confusion.

New York had hardly time to get its breath again before the Horse Show opened. This is the real beginning of the season. All "society" is there in its best frock, or rather, frocks. Three new gowns a day—eighteen in all, for the show lasts a week—is, I am told, the proper wardrobe for an *élégante*. It is scarcely a secret that the pretty women attract the men to the show, and the smart gowns, even more than the horses, attract the women. "The Beauty Show" is one of the names it goes by.

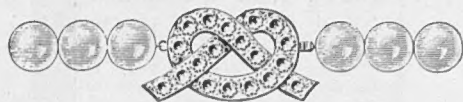
Mr. Paget and Miss Whitney were married the other day, which was rather thoughtless of them, since it gave the reporters such hard work, and all the papers had to be enlarged in order to do justice to these two events, both of such social importance. The church decorations were not nearly so elaborate as at the Vanderbilt wedding, but some thought them far more beautiful. The concert, with which it is the fashion to precede the service, was a marvel of beauty. Edouard de Reszke was the great attraction. I don't suppose that he has often formed one of a church choir.

Then, when all these ceremonies have been gone through, chronicled, and forgotten, back we shall go to the burning question of the Yacht Race. There are signs that, now the Horse Show is over, and the Duke and Duchess have sailed for Italy, this will be again the all-absorbing topic. E. S.

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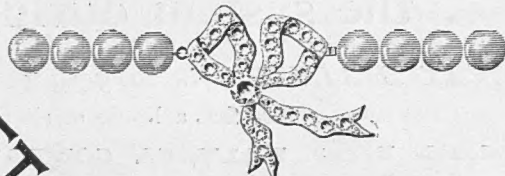
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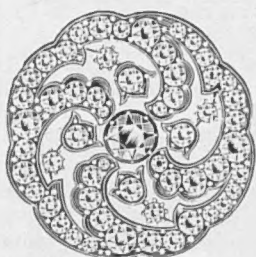
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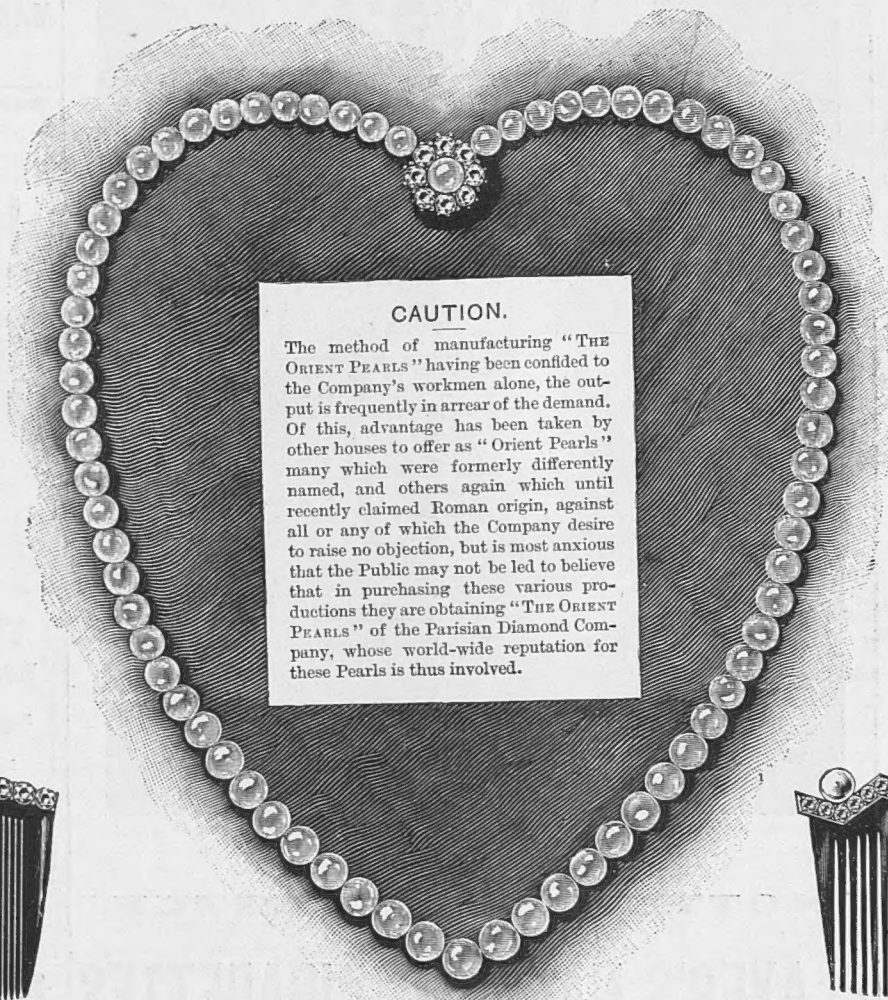
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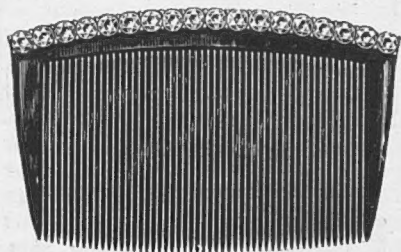


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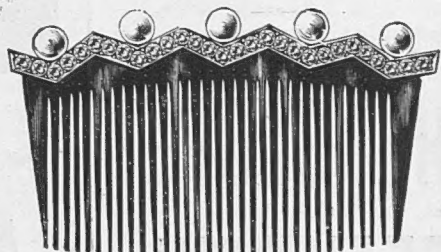
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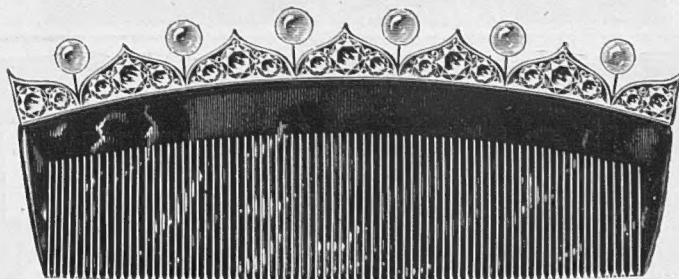
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CITY NOTES.

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ADVANCE ARGENTINA!

There are a good many investors in this country who have in their time anathematised the day they were induced to put money into Argentine ventures. And they had good reason—if any reason can ever be good—for a moderate indulgence in profanity.

But it is an exceedingly long lane that has no turning, and, if we are not much mistaken, the turn has come for Argentina at last. Those who knew the vast resources of that fertile but ill-governed country always predicted that it would come, and now there can be no doubt that, in spite of the heavy debt, the deluge of paper money, and the high gold premium, Argentina, as a nation, is once more on the high road to prosperity.

Its huge pastoral industry is developing steadily year by year; as a grain-producer, it now ranks among the foremost countries of the world; it will soon produce more than enough sugar to meet all its requirements, and even as a wine-grower it is making rapid strides. The railway system, whose fault originally was that it exceeded the requirements of the country, will, before very long, be inadequate to its wants; and, even as it is, many companies are obliged to construct new branches. For a year or two the country has been free from that bane of South American Republics—political disturbances; and at present the prospect in this respect is tolerably clear.

So much for the general outlook in Argentina, and, coming to the present situation, we find many indications of increasing prosperity. The wheat crop has been fair, the maize harvest excellent, though late, and a lot of that class of grain has yet to come forward. The wool-clip has turned out well, both as regards quantity and quality, while the trade in cattle, meat, and hides is exceedingly brisk.

It is not to be wondered at that, under such circumstances, the receipts of the leading railways have rapidly advanced, and these receipts form one of the most reliable tests of the state of trade. Without troubling the reader with figures, it will suffice to say that the Buenos Ayres Great Southern, the Central Argentine, the Argentine Great Western, and the Cordoba Central, among others, have all materially increased their receipts this half-year.

There has been a great deal of talk of late about the unification of the Argentine debt, but, although that measure has actually been adopted by the House of Representatives, and is supported by General Roca, it has yet to receive the sanction of the Senate, and, after that, of the representatives of the bondholders. It need hardly be counted upon as likely to become a disturbing factor in the situation yet awhile. In any case, the big loans, such as the Funding, the 1886, and the Waterworks issues, are well looked after on this side, and holders may rely upon having their interests strenuously upheld. As for the holders of the Provincial debts, the unification plan would be an excellent thing for them. Lastly, the settlement of the Guaranteed Railways question cannot be much longer deferred; and if it be arranged on anything like an equitable basis, that will also be a good thing for the railway companies.

The moral of all this is that the outlook is very fair for a further advance in Argentine securities, both of the Railway Companies and of the National debts, and even of the better class of Provincial loans. There is little probability of a big rise in the gold premium; the import as well as the export trade is looking up, and that will materially assist the Government revenue. Holders should therefore continue to hold, and speculative investors might do worse than turn their attention towards Argentina.

LORD LOCH.

Lord Loch, who is prominently connected with the Exploring and Finance group of Westralian enterprises, is a man of no mean reputation. From the time when, enclosed in a cage, he was conducted through a portion of China, on show as a prisoner of war, with the reversion of an assassination in prospect, he has usually contrived to distinguish himself in his diplomatic capacity. His last feat of importance—when Sir Henry Loch, High Commissioner to the Cape—was to quarrel with Mr. Cecil Rhodes in the interests of Imperial supremacy. Perhaps it was, and perhaps it was not, because of this that a grateful Government awarded him a peerage. Between the Chinese episode and his début as High Commissioner, Lord Loch filled the offices of Governor of the Isle of Man and the Colony of Victoria. He filled both ably, but has no wish to repeat the experiment. He has been heard to avow his determination to have nothing to do with gold-mining ventures at the Cape or in Rhodesia. Ill-natured folk ascribe the resolution to his dislike for Mr. Rhodes and his disgust at the 1889 fiasco.

Not being able to cage the Emperor of Rhodesia, or convince himself of the reliability of the new field, Lord Loch has turned his attention to Westralia. His ability is a boon to his co-directors, and his name an ornament to the concerns which he honours with his patronage.

His belief in Westralia is profound. His enthusiasm as to the prospects of the Colony are hardly less. He is occasionally seen to smile assuringly when heckled by his friends as to the desirability of obtaining shares in Westralian finance associations. The value of a judicious smile is discovered next morning by an influx of buying orders for the shares of the parent concerns in the Exploring and Finance group in which he is interested—of which the leader is the London and Globe Finance Association, whereof he is chairman.

BARNATO CONSOLS.

Owing to the time at which we have to go to press, we were unable last week to comment on the official statement issued by the Barnato Consolidated Mines, Limited; but we really must take it up now, for since the appearance of the document more nonsense has been talked about it than about anything that has appeared in the City for a long time. The statement was rendered necessary because the company had been floated without a prospectus, as has been the fashion among many of the best Rand enterprises. We do not defend the practice, but we like still less the policy of the market in refraining from dissent in one case and not in another, when the capitalists behind the promotions are in each instance men of reputation and vast wealth.

When a company is floated without a prospectus, a double burden of responsibility rests on those who have made themselves sponsors for



LORD LOCH.

it; and when Mr. B. J. Barnato, the great Cape millionaire, gave his name to this particular venture, it might safely have been assumed that it was no mere "company of straw."

It became the fashion, however, during the mining collapse to adopt an attitude of distrust towards the Barnato group of shares, mainly, so far as we can see, because Mr. Barnato has been the most prominent man during the crisis in attempting, by the most plucky support of his own stocks, to avert disaster to the whole market; and there was a universal howl of inquiry as to what the property of the Barnato Consolidated Mines consisted in. The statement before us is the response.

The document announces that the company holds thirty-four properties (which are duly scheduled), aggregating no less than 2500 claims, and at once the cry has been raised that the names of the properties are not familiar. But who ever supposed that they would be? It is a case of properties on the deep-level, and therefore bound to be unknown until they are developed. How many of the seventeen hundred deep-level claims owned by the Rand Mines Company are known to the public by name? Yet the £1 shares have been as high as £45 this year. Deep-levels must inevitably be comparative strangers; but a certain amount of evidence, even to the superficial, is afforded by the statement as to the situation of the various properties, which we find to be adjacent to many well-known outcrop properties, such as Ferreira, Heriot, Jumpers, Nigel, and so on.

Not only have we to consider that such an acute mining-financier as Mr. Barnato is not the sort of man to have picked up all the rubbish from among the deep-levels, but we have also to keep in mind that many of the properties are held in conjunction with such prominent corporations as the Consolidated Goldfields and the Rand Mines Company.

In proof of the sound judgment that has been displayed in the selection, we have only to quote the fact that many of the claims are "situate in the immediate neighbourhood of companies whose shares represent, even at the present depreciated prices, a value of from £20,000 to £30,000 per claim." Nobody would venture to say that even those particular deep-level claims are bound to be worth as much as those on the adjacent outcrops; still less does anybody suggest that all the 2500 claims held by the Barnato Consolidated work out at a medium of £25,000. But, on the capital of the company, the claims work out at an average of only £500, which is surely a modest estimate of their value.

Already two subsidiary companies have been formed, the Chenies Mine, with a nominal capital of £375,000, and the Rand Central Mines, with an issued capital of £200,000. In both concerns the parent company

retains the bulk of the shares, and it will be seen how substantial will be the profits accruing to the Barnato Consolidated if these offshoots prove even the most moderate of successes; and as the policy of the directors, like that of the Randfontein Company, is to "hive off" the estate from time to time in a similar way, it will be strange indeed if the mother company does not amass very large profits.

Beyond actual new issues in this way, it is proposed to negotiate for the amalgamation of various blocks with those of the adjacent outcrop companies, and thus another source of profit is at hand. Finally, the company has not yet attained to its full dimensions, for we are told that the directors have options on about 800 claims and several reef-bearing farms, which are now being carefully prospected. If Mr. Barnato, with all his wide knowledge of the Rand, has failed to make a profitable pick-out of all these multifarious claims which he has passed on to the company that bears his name, it will be indeed a strange thing.

There are, of course, some people who sneer at the whole deep-level idea, and assume a wise look because the first crushing from the Geldenhuis Deep was not of very startling excellence. But the result was fair, after all, and would have been much more than fair had the plates and the cyanide-vats not absorbed—as is usual at first—a large proportion of the gold extracted. In answer to such folk, we would merely point out that the Consolidated Goldfields Company, which is managed by some of the most prominent men at the Cape, and which has at its disposal unlimited funds, last year deliberately transferred its interests, so far as possible, to the deep-levels. We should take the opinion of the Goldfields' directors on such a point before that of the quidnuncs on the kerbstone of Throgmorton Street.

A LETTER FROM WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

We have often alluded to private information from Western Australia, and, for the benefit, or otherwise, of our readers, we print extracts from a letter addressed to a member of our staff by a personal friend in the Colony. The writer has made a tour of the Goldfields, and, with every facility for learning the truth, writes in the following way to a friend, without an idea that what he said would ever see the light of publicity. The opinions expressed may be wrong, but, at least, we vouch for the fact that the writer had every inducement to tell the truth, and would not intentionally mislead his friend. After various private matters, the letter reads as follows—



THE WRITER OF THE LETTER.

That this is the greatest gold-bearing country as yet found seems proved beyond a doubt, and many fortunes will be made out of it before many months are over, for, in the opinion of everybody out here, there is going to be the biggest "boom" in West Australian shares the Mining Market has ever seen. Phenomenal finds are being made every day, and the whole country positively reeks with gold. I hope you took my tip with

reference to Hannan's Mining Proprietary Company. . . . It is the biggest thing in the country, I believe. Beyond this one, I can, from what I have myself seen and learned, strongly advise you to stick like glue to all the Florences, Lady Shentons, Mount Margarets, Hannan's Brown Hill, Hampton Plains, and White Feathers you can get hold of. These are excellent things, and are, therefore, not likely to be affected by rumours, which strike fear into duffers. When all the machinery is up, then these mines will speak, for the gold is there right enough.

We give the letter for what it is worth, and we vouch for nothing but that the writer is honest and that the person who received it on Nov. 25 has acted on the information contained in it.

From time to time we have recommended Burbank's Birthday Gift shares as a good mining investment, and within the last few days we have seen private telegrams which state that the lode is, in places, twelve feet wide, and the mine looking better than ever. A contract has been entered into with the Londonderry Company to crush 500 tons of ore, and the battery starts upon Burbank's stone at twelve o'clock on Sunday night, Dec. 1. We shall be disappointed if the result is not equal to at least three ounces to the ton, and it is no secret that those most closely connected with the concern expect far more. Of Menzies Gold Estates we hear also flattering accounts.

The City is full of gold-mining prospectuses, whereby people hope to get underwriters; but it is, we are glad to say, next door to impossible at this moment, and the jobbers have set their faces against new issues, refusing to "make a market" or help in any way. If we can get well into the new year without being flooded with prospectuses, it will do much to bring steady improvement to the whole West Australian section.

Our old friend, "Teddy" Beal, is on the war-path again with a thing called the "Sheba Alliance," while the hardly less well-known Mr. K. Sando is at the back of the Great Boulder East Extended Gold-mine, both of which should be left alone, however much they may be puffed by the touting fraternity.

Next week we hope to present to our readers some information as to the Charters Towers Goldfield, which will be valuable as coming direct

from a leading Charters Towers mining-expert now on a visit to this country; but, meanwhile, we may say that holders of Mills' Day Dawn should stick to their shares.

THE FINANCIAL PRESS.

The *Investor's Review* for December is distinctly disappointing. It begins with an article on Imperialism, which we suppose, from its tone, is intended as a confession that Mr. Wilson, in the thousand-and-one sneers at the expansion of the Empire which have disfigured his pages, has gone a bit too far; and, after uninteresting articles on the Mining Market and the National Debt, there is a poor substitute for the slashing attacks to which we are accustomed in a feeble though sarcastic account of the now famous "Renals-Barney" dinner. Even Homer sometimes nods, and, whether it be the London fogs or what not, Mr. Wilson has, unfortunately, produced a very-much-below-par number for the last month of 1895.

With an effrontery quite refreshing, the touts who run a paper called the *Investor*, which they circulate gratis, still fill its columns with accounts of things like the Harberton Slate Quarries, which has now been proved in open court to be—well, an unfortunate enterprise. So many of our readers have been caught by the trap, that we take this opportunity of warning them against the various recommendations like Murchison Diamond Mines, which are so freely given in this precious newspaper. We are going to make private inquiries as to the various slate quarries, and will take an early opportunity of laying the truth before the public. As to the Murchison Diamond affair, it has nothing to do with Western Australia, and, in our opinion, you had far better give your modest savings to the crippled children, or provide a Christmas dinner for the aged poor, than "invest" them in Bingera Diamonds, which is what the company ought to be called.

Saturday, Nov. 30, 1895.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. R.—We thank you for enclosure, and replied by private letter to your questions on Nov. 25.

GRAMPIAN.—We believe this affair to be a fraud. It came from very bad hands, and we have no faith in it.

WENTWORTH.—We advise you to hold. The mine is very patchy, but when they do get gold it is something to remember. You will see reports in the papers from time to time, and we feel pretty confident that you will get out with a fair profit if you have patience. Sell half whenever you can get thirty shillings for them.

STEERCLEAR.—Your *nom de plume* is the neatest word we know to answer your question.

SALOP.—We only send names and addresses of dealers in lottery bonds by private letter, for which see Rule 5. We are not allowed to give the names in this column.

EBONY.—Not a soul on this market knows the name of the concern you mention, and, although we have asked half-a-dozen jobbers, they all profess never to have heard of it. Write to the company's office and inquire—you will probably find the address on your share certificate.

SCOTLAND.—We do not like and have never recommended either of the concerns you name. It seems foolish to sell at this moment. Hold on for an improvement, and then get out as soon as possible.

A. G.—You paid far more for these shares than you will ever get, we imagine, but for the sake of a miserable £2 each it does not seem worth while to sell. We have no special information, but we should hold on if the shares were our own.

A. R.—We posted a private letter to you on Nov. 26, and hope you have received it.

J. P.—We posted our answer to you on Nov. 27.

A. J.—We posted our answer to you on Nov. 28.

L. F.—We never mention the names of brokers or dealers in lottery-bonds in this column; and if you desire us to give you the information you ask for, it can be sent by private letter, in accordance with Rule 5 of the Correspondence Rules published in this issue and on the first of each month.

GOLD.—See this week's "Notes," which refer to the companies you ask about.

A. J. P.—(1) Hold on. (2) Imperial Continental Gas or Industrial and General Trust Unified stock would suit you.

G. B. B.—(1) In the present state of the market there is risk in buying Chartered. At the price you name, they would have been a splendid spec., and if by any luck they go below 5, you had better buy. (2) The accounts are made up to Dec. 31.

P. T.—(1) We should hold Broken Hill Props., as we think the market for silver is likely to improve. If the shares improve, sell half, and the rest will then be cheap. (2) You hold enough Johannesburg Waterworks. (3) If you want to buy mines, see this week's "Notes" or purchase Bonanzas. Linotypes are, we believe, worth picking up.